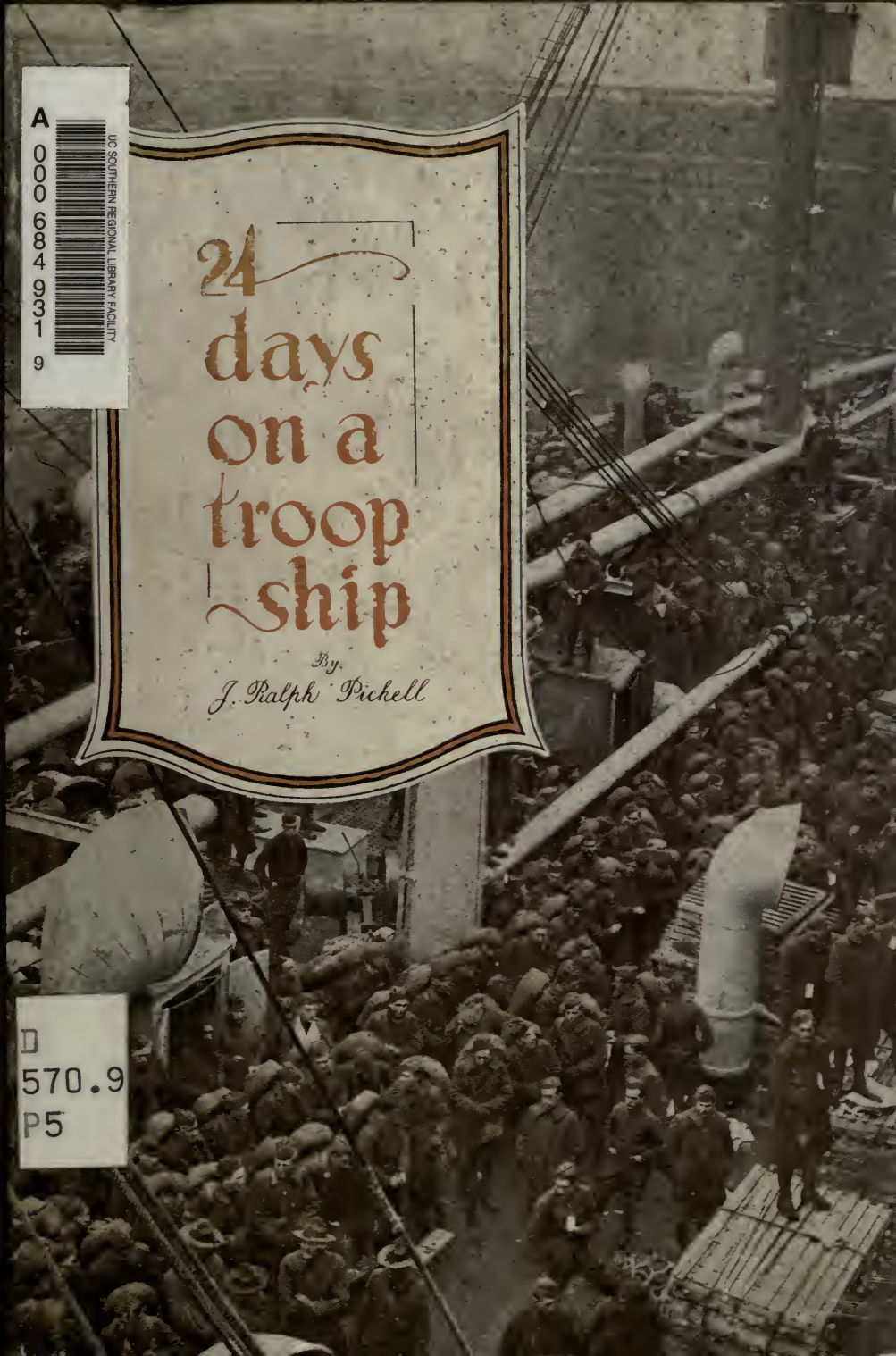

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The Little Princess

19-16281

Twenty-four Days On a Troopship

By
J. Ralph Pickell

¶ Meanwhile the author visits a harem in Africa, delivers a lecture, witnesses a dozen romances faithfully recorded, laughs at the funniest things which ever happened, and writes a book about it. This is it.

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The Author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to C. C. Campus, an Italian co-laborer, whose sketches illuminate these pages.

Foreword

HERE is a deeper purpose in the publication of this book then the simple narration of disjointed tales about a troopship, homeward bound. The voyage from Genoa to New York, extending over a period of twenty-four days, is a mere incident in its relation to the World War, and yet you must apprehend that the difficulties which have arisen in transporting twelve hundred six soldiers have been real, even if they are often amusing. The ships which have carried two million of our men to and from foreign soil have been more or less like this one, and even during war time similar comedies have been enacted. Many a soldier has found his life mate dressed in a Red Cross uniform. The shuttle of fate has woven thousands of romances out of the warp of war. War is a leveler of morals, but it levels down, not up. So we shall learn. Every solitary incident cited in this book is founded upon facts. I commend it to you as a rhetorical impossibility. From a literary point of view it has little merit. Humanly speaking it is a real production and that's why it will be read with human interest. People acted and I wrote.

J. RALPH PICKELL

HIS NARRATIVE is happily dedicated to all of its readers who believe in the poetry of romance and the sunshine of smiles; but more especially to two, who if fate had not so ordained, I should have wished to call them brothers, Lieutenant Frank and Corporal Ray Pickell; also to a very, very young man, whose sole knowledge of war consists of slaying tin soldiers; and finally to a lieutenant in the United States Navy, homeward bound as a fellow traveler, to claim, in the wake of Peace, a beautiful southern bride.

Twenty-four Days On a Troopship

At Sea from June 23 to July 17—A lady with a lorgnette, frantically rushed up and down the pier. She was shouting something to any of us who stood on the B deck of the Pesaro, but even those who understand Italian couldn't make out what she was saying.

She wept.

Then she screamed, and the pity of it is, I probably shall never know what she wanted, for we were leaving Genoa very, very slowly, as two tugs pulled us away from the docks.

For three weeks I have waited for this boat to sail. Now we have actually put out to sea. There were many with red eyes, swollen from tears, among the passengers; though why anybody in the world should ever weep when they are bound for New York is beyond me.

About the first thing you do when you get on the boat is to "size up" the cabin in which you must sojourn for days to come. My impression is that I am getting less for more money than upon any other journey I have ever made, but I shall be alone. That is some compensation.

It was common gossip just before we came on board that today the Germans will or will not sign Peace. The general impression is that they will refuse. I have just made a wager with a Swiss that they will sign. If I win I'll have my incidental expenses paid for a long, hot trip.

This Swiss tells me that there are thousands of Germans in his country and none of them ever admit that their army was defeated. Everywhere I have gone, I have heard that same thing. Most everyone with whom you come in contact seems to think the war was ended just about a month too soon.

Personally, I take no stock in such expressions. If there are any readers of this book who think that the German army was not decisively defeated in battle, beaten to a dead standstill and then flung irrevocably back, they are welcome to their delusions.

The same with the Germans, too. In a generation or so the truth will begin to dawn upon them, if not sooner.

I have seen thousands of cars, thousands of cannon, tons and tons of ammunition, and millions and millions of war equipment which the Germans surrendered after the signing of the armistice, all of it taken without the direct loss of a single life. If you think it would have been better to have sacrificed thousands of our boys to have taken that stuff while driving the boches back, then you and I are traveling two different lines of thought, and I am going to stick to my route.

But without Peace, we embark under war conditions. The police in Genoa gave me permission to leave the country, but before they would say "yes" or rather **si**, the American embassy at Rome, and the Consul-General at Genoa first gave their approval. Then there was the hustle for a ticket. The Lloyd Sabaudo transportation line officials were even more particular about my credentials than either the police or the official representatives of the United States.

One lady from Atlanta who had been marooned in Italy since the war began wanted

to get back and she was telling an official her life history. He asked her where she was born and she replied, "I was born in Atlanta, Georgia, at four o'clock in the morning; but I don't know what date because I was too young to remember." So far as I know she never told them.

Embarking upon an Italian boat is like taking a train which never comes. We were told to be at the docks at nine o'clock Monday morning, this twenty-third day of roses in June. Many came. Old men, young men, Red Cross girls, women and children. The sun shone hot. The shed into which the traveling public was herded, waiting for the police, was covered with corrugated iron, which, instead of allowing the rays to come straight down and kill you, shattered and scattered them so that they hit you everywhere and melted you. We thought surely that by two o'clock the police would come, as they had not shown up all morning. At 2:30 we began to despair; at three we began to swear; but at 3:15 the iron gate was swung open and three hundred of us, half a dozen at a time, were admitted to Italian police headquarters. All the chivalry that I ever learned herding cattle in my youth,

for we were kind to the calves, has been throttled after six months traveling in Europe. I can trample upon the necks of women and children with glee, and as for old ladies I simply eat them alive. So I was among the first hundred to demonstrate that I am a law-abiding American citizen entitled to return home.

What a wonderful opportunity the Italians are losing when they fail to grant every reasonable comfort to traveling passengers. One's education has not begun until one has seen Italy, but people will travel here on other lines. "War" has been the excuse for so many things, during four and a half years, that officials seem to think they can pursue any sort of a course and justify it by saying, "This is war." It isn't.

Our boat was scheduled to sail at four. At seven o'clock there were three blasts of the whistle, the gang plank was pulled, and then, just as we had started, the elderly lady whom I first mentioned tried to stop us with her wails. But as I write this we are sailing the blue Mediterranean bound for Marseilles, where we are to take on 1,200 doughboys. There is a forty-five mile gale blowing now and the sea is very rough. In

fact, I never imagined that the Mediterranean could act so ugly. Personally, I am not fond of tales of mal-de-mer, but really it is interesting to note the change which comes over some people when the sea gets rough. Faces which were rosy red, when the boat started, take on an ashen hue, and those who have set sail for America decide the country must be a terrible place, judging from the first few hours of the journey. Really, if you can get them to talk you can learn some surprising things.

There are just about two things worth while in life. **Work** and **people.** On a ship you get to know people.

For a long Atlantic trip during June and July one wants a deck chair. There are none for rent upon the boat, so you have to buy a very flimsy affair before you start for $3.00. The deck steward wrote my name upon the back of a tag and attached it to my chair. The tag is No. 297 and contains the following information: "Dampfer Moltke. Gutschein für getränke und cigarren." That looks like "German," which I would interpret to mean "Steamer Moltke. Check for drinks and cigars." Thus it would seem that this old steamer was formerly

owned by the Hamburg-American line. Signs such as "Zu den Badern," etc., are all about the ship. Such are the fortunes of war.

Among the people one meets are those with varying names and missions. There is a very lovely woman with two little girls who sits at my table. She is going back to Texas, which she claims is a great big state. She married a Swiss but she maintains that she is an "American" because she was born there, no matter what the law says. A lank young fellow is on board representing Uncle Sam. It is his business to take care of any American soldiers who die on this trip. He is an embalmer. I sincerely hope he is idle all the way over.

I talked for two hours tonight with an ex-Red Cross captain who has been working in Italy. The stories which he told me of profligate waste and mismanagement on the part of the Red Cross in Italy are appalling. I know from actual knowledge that the Red Cross there was known as the "Golden Goose" because of the absolute profligacy with which it did its work.

The boat pitches! The decks are deserted!

CHAPTER II.

This boat has a motion all its own. Technically, I suppose it would be called "vibration," but it seems a whole lot more than that. I endeavored to repose last night in my berth but sleep was impossible; so I tried the following experiment in order to determine accurately just how much motion the human body is to sustain during this trip. The steward brought me three table forks. One I suspended from the berth above me until the prongs were within two and one-quarter inches of my abdomen; then I took the other two and fastened them at each side of the berth so that the tines projected toward my sides, leaving exactly the same amount of space (two and one-quarter inches), between the forks and me. I then determined my bearings by locating the north star, took the readings of the Thermometer which stood at exactly 10 Reaumur. The aneroid barometer was 77. With these facts before me, I calculated that the vibrations to which the human body was sub-

jected in the course of 6 hours amounted to exactly 63,300 inches, or just within five feet of a mile. If the vibration is maintained throughout our journey it will be comparatively easy to determine just how far one travels "extra" and unpaid for. I am going to turn over my data to the National Geographical Society for comparison with the North Pole records of Mr. Cook.

Land is in sight out of my port hole window.

Later: It is not land. Just rocks. The only possible purpose of these mountains is to keep the sea from overflowing France.

We are now approaching the harbor of Marseilles. The city hovers about the base of the mountains. High up on a hill is a church 1,000 years old. Pious pilgrims from all over France visit it each year but I shall stick to the boat. We have just taken on the pilot.

We are now passing into the harbor. Four tug boats have this ship in charge. They are swinging the boat around to dock at Number Ten. One can see very plainly the name of the dock. In large capital letters you distinguish "R A L P H".

So this is my dock. I had much rather

have a dock named after me than a cigar. I wonder if they know I am on this boat.

An American colonel is standing on the pier and he is shouting at the pilot. "Dock her on Number 4." "Dock her on Number 4." Finally, after much gesticulation, the pilot informs the colonel that he doesn't know where dock Number 4 is. The colonel shouts back: "The hell you don't. Follow my instructions."

I said he was an American colonel. But we docked at Number 10 anyway, for the wind is blowing so fiercely and the tide is running so high that we didn't dare go up stream any further. This means that tons and tons of stuff which were to be loaded on the boat at Number 4 must be moved by the Americans in motor lorries to Number 10. It means that we will be delayed, but one of the Italian officers in referring to it, said, "It doesn't matter. The Americans pay for it."

There must be two hundred vessels of all kinds in the harbor and they are in "full dress." Flags of many colors and figures are flying. Someone says it means that the the Germans have agreed to sign peace. I must hunt that Swiss.

CHAPTER III.

All yesterday afternoon the swinging cranes on the boats were working, loading on stuff for the soldiers to eat. There are bags and bags of radishes and lettuce, potatoes, carrots, flour, and boxes and boxes of canned goods—jam, beans, beef, molasses, oleo, etc. If everything goes all right we will sail this evening at 6 o'clock. If not we will be delayed until morning, for boats do not leave the harbor at night for fear of striking floating mines.

The dock at which we are anchored is about two miles long. It has been mostly constructed since the war began. There is a high wall at one side of it facing the Mediterranean and you may walk along the top of the wall, the entire length. But the wind is blowing so savagely and the breeze from the sea is so cold that only a few of us have walked it. The dock presents an animated scene. There are scores of American soldiers driving motor lorries up to our ship with the chow aforementioned. The lorries

are unloaded by American negro soldiers, big husky fellows.

One may make an interesting comparison because French Colonial soldiers from Morocco rub elbows with our black boys, while guarding a lot of salvage consisting of old guns, helmets, discarded uniforms and a lot of other rubbish which it seems to me should be burned.

The Africans are not so heavy set as our men. They are longer, leaner and as black as the blackest lamp black. Our darkest hues are like snow drops compared with the African Colonials. Both wear khaki, but the Moroccan boys wear red caps with tassels on them. I wonder what they think of each other. One speaks French and the other American.

There is some good to come out of this war. Perhaps one of the most far reaching influences will be the broadened visions of thousands who have never seen much further than their home town. When I write of broadened vision I do not mean that it has come to the colored soldiers. My impression is that it would have been better if they had been left at home. Not but what some of them have justified the faith placed

in them as fighters, but the social conditions under which they have lived in Europe are not an augury of good, after they are returned home.

An interesting scene has just been enacted which is voluble with promise and something else.

There are 1,500 pounds of bread to be loaded upon this boat, but the American officers can find no suitable place to store it in the hold. They want to put it in the pantry but the captain is up-town and the cook will not allow it, and he holds the key. Work has been stopped on the pier for two hours, while the American officers wrangle with the Italian officers about where the bread is to be stored. Neither understand each other, so a civilian passenger is doing the interpreting. If they do not come to terms very soon, the boat can not sail today. The problem then is very simple.

If we are delayed one day in starting, then 1,500 pounds of bread will cost Uncle Sam three thousand dollars ($3,000). The officers of the ship, who have no authority to act in the absence of the Captain, should worry. It's a good day's work if they can delay the boat for $3,000. Suppose you mul-

tiply this sum several thousand times in the course of the months we have been in war, for we have paid our way, not only to transport and feed our army, but in charity represented by the Red Cross and several other organizations. We have paid for every foot of ground we have used, for every stick of wood, for every foot of road; paid in American dollars which have been raised by taxes, bonds, and in respect to charity, by threats. No wonder the average American officer tells you he feels that the best thing we can do is to get back home and stay there.

The probabilities are this boat will sail today, and we will save the $3,000 for Uncle Sam, but in hundreds of cases they have not sailed and we have paid the price. I write that I think we will sail because the American Captain has just come on board. "To hell with these dagoes. Don't pay any more attention to them than if they were not here. Bust in the door of that pantry and put the bread in if they don't open it up." So the steam cranes are working again now and the boys will be marched on at 1:30 (perhaps).

May I add by way of explanation that while the rugged Americanism exemplified

by the army captain always appeals to me, I am reporting it simply to show you in a very limited way what is happening over here. This is only one boat, and just a few soldiers can be transported upon it. Multiply this boat many hundred times, and these soldiers many thousand times and you will begin to appreciate the magnitude of the criss-cross problems which have prevailed in this war, and which have practically alienated one nation from another, so far as the soldiers are concerned.

It was just three o'clock when a long line of khaki-clad men started up the gang-plank of the Pesaro. For nearly two miles they were strung out along the walk on top of the sea-wall, tired from a four-mile march over the dustiest roads in Christendom; each man bent beneath his load, for certainly he carried his physical limit. Some led dogs, another a goat, one carried a 6-foot fan, and it is practically certain that all had gathered in some souvenirs. At 4:35 every man (between 1,200 and 1,300 of them) had gotten on board. The men had been checked off, had been bunked and so far as we could tell the boat was ready to shove off. That work was evidence of the best efficiency I have

seen since I have been in Europe. There was no confusion, no waste of time. "Step lively" and "make her snappy" was the rule which was obeyed.

As soon as the soldiers had gone down into the bowels of this boat, and had located the few square feet which had been allocated to each, they began to pile out again for fresh air. They were seen in the rigging, astride the beams, in fact, in every spot where it was safe or unsafe to be.

Someone with a cornet began to play, "There are smiles" and five hundred voices took it up. There were magnified yells, much jesting and some scuffling. A sergeant blew a whistle and all came to attention.

"Every man is responsible for his bunk which must be kept clean. No man will be allowed on deck unless he has his puttees and jacket on. The penalty will be severe for any who disobey this rule."

So said the sergeant and then he added: "Supper at 7 o'clock"; that was followed by a loud chorus of yells.

The tugs tugged while the whistles whistled for 6:30 o'clock; it was good-bye France, bound for Gibraltar. We were off.

CHAPTER IV.

There are two or three companies of negro troops on board. Some of the officers have good stories to tell about them. Each officer usually tells about the same story, not knowing the other one has already related it, and one of them was to this effect: A colored soldier had been disobedient and the captain told him that it would be necessary to shoot him. So he sent him to his tent to get his revolver. The fellow went all right and returned with the weapon. The captain asked him how many cartridges there were in the gun.

"Fo'r sir." Then, said the captain, "Do you think that will be enough to kill you?" "Yes, sir, yes, sir, Cap'n, cose if you miss me with the fust one you sho're aint gwine see no nigger for the second shot."

There are a number of American officers, splendid looking fellows. There are exceptions to all rules, but as a class I do not think the American officer measures up to the standard of either the English or the French.

There is a reason, of course. We are not a warring nation and our men have not been schooled for it. The English and the French officers are warriors, that's all, especially the English; but there is no better soldier walks in shoe leather than the American doughboy. Believe me, the Yank is there when it comes to a fight.

The inexperience of our officers cost many and many a life. With proper training they should be the best because they have the brains and ability; but you cannot turn out good officers by intensive training in three months' time. It is absurd to suppose it can be done. Of course, when there is a war and we have to fight we do the best we can, but in a democracy like ours, every man, and every man's son, ought to know something about defensive warfare, and the only practical method is universal training. We shall keep out of future wars if we keep strong enough to make it unprofitable for people to jump on us.

There are more than fifteen hundred men, including the soldiers and crew in the hold of this ship. A great many of the soldiers are those who have been in hospitals or have been detained in workhouses for some vio-

lation of army rules, or have been absent without leave (A. W. O. L.). Yet, there are many who wear wound stripes. They are not a typical American bunch by any means, but I have talked with many of them and they will all be bona fide Americans when they get home. They have had enough of "foreign" life and "foreign" ways. The United States will look better to them than it has ever looked before.

I just saw a fight between a doughboy and a colored soldier. The negro bit the white boy very savagely on the neck and face. A couple of sergeants parted them, but the white swears vengeance on the black before the journey is ended. Probably nothing will be done to discipline them because the officers realize that they are now going home and the tension is great. It really is a wonder that more fights do not occur.

One cannot tell from looking at the passengers on this boat whether you are riding first, second or third class. Here is a polyglot of most all the races under the sun. We civilians are on it by virtue of the authority of the American Naval Attache at Rome. He has allotted about 300 berths for civilians and they are all taken. We have the New

York macaroni queen. She is a wizened old woman, with a parched sun brown skin, dressed in a lurid yellow costume. This is her tenth trip across the pond to Italy. She got caught there during the war and has not been able to get home. Now she is broke.

There is a mother and daughter who have been in Italy for six years, the daughter having recovered during that time from incipient consumption. They, too, are going home.

We have a missionary widow en route from Persia. Her husband was killed just before she left by a Kurd who wanted to run off with their helper and the minister objected. The poor woman is in tears most of the time. I mean the wife.

I was just talking to the soldier on guard at the first-class entrance, near the stern of the boat. He lives in Illinois. I asked him what had been his most thrilling experience during his ten months in France. He then told me how it was his habitual custom to be broke long before pay day each month, his allotment being about ten dollars after his mother gets hers. "When a guy can get a good hair cut and some big eats there ain't nothing better." That was his sole joy once

each month—a hair cut and something extra to eat. Yet, most of us are dissatisfied. War meant nothing to him if he could have those two essentials every thirty days.

A lieutenant has been trying to interest a Red Cross worker in himself.

CHAPTER V.

Last night there was a semblance of a concert in the first-class music saloon. A lieutenant, a buck private and a Red Cross girl played the violin, cornet and piano, but the impromptu vocalization of the privates in the hold was much more inspiring. It seems strange that there is really no music on this boat. No orchestra of any kind. It is simply packed with all kinds of people huddled together for from fifteen to twenty days or more, every one taking life most philosophically because most of us are going home. There really is no excuse for the lack of service, the absence of sanitation and most everything which could make a trip comfortable, except "war" and now the war is over.

We have one very pretty lady. Everyone is attracted by her comeliness. Yesterday she was taking an afternoon constitutional on the promenade deck. You know the skirts are made rather short this year and hers is no exception. Along the rear seam

of her silk stocking a few threads had given away and the aperture was really noticeable, even to a novice like me. The lady occupying the deck chair next to me called my attention to it, for anything on board this ship (which doesn't even furnish us with a few notes of news snatched from the air) is at once a matter of comment. The lady said, "Dear, dear, I hope she doesn't find it out until tonight. How embarrassing it would be to her now if she knew it."

And yet we men oftentimes think we are responsible for the philosophy of "What they don't know, don't hurt 'em."

This is certainly languorous weather. It is sticky hot. Off the port side is Spain, consisting of white chalky mountains and uninhabited hills. Some time today we should reach Gibraltar, where we take on coal. The steamer is rushing along at the rate of ten knots per hour.

I went on deck a while ago and that poor missionary whose husband was killed sat there crying. One of the ladies asked me to go over and say something comforting to her. Should I or should I not? Those things are so hard.

"Madam," said I, "since the Kurds beat the whey out of your husband wouldn't it be comforting if you could get a Cheese named after him?"

Alas, I am often misunderstood!

For two days now the American officers who ride with us in the first class cabins have been fed on bully beef. And thereon hangs a happy tale. The lieutenant in charge of placing the supplies of food on the boat for officers and men wanted to be sure that the officers' food got on, so that came first. The result was that tons of stuff were piled on top of it which has not yet been moved off, and the officers have threatened to mutiny. Tonight they got a better feed.

Most of the doughboys who sprawl around on the decks, climb the rigging and get on and in everything that will hold them, have shed their khaki and today are donned in blue jeans. They certainly do not present that trim appearance we noticed when they marched up the pier to the boat.

A captain is now a rival of the lieutenant.

CHAPTER VI.

The rock which made a life insurance company famous towers above the sea directly in front of us. We have anchored in Gibraltar Bay. Fifteen boats loaded with many men are plying about and are calling out in understandable English that they have lemons, figs, oranges, and strawberries for sale. They started to do a thriving business as the dough-boys ordered freely, lifting up their purchases by means of a string and a sack from the water below. However, the crafty fruit venders soon found it advisable to do a cash in advance business and trade slacked at once.

The Port of Gibraltar is controlled by the British. Gibraltar is much more than a rock. It is a city and a fort; a most interesting village, too, for there are a large number of (British) Indian stores, filled with goods of varied kinds and hues from the Orient. One may hire a carriage for a few shillings and drive on the mainland through the neutral gate into Spain, to the town of Linea.

Linea is typically a Spanish city, consisting of one-story buildings painted and whitewashed a dazzling white. There is to be a bull fight in the city tomorrow and it it quite probable the bulk of our boat will go. Inasmuch as I have already witnessed one bull fight, I shall spend Sunday whiling away the wearisome hours in a more interesting and less gory fashion than by watching horses gutted by angry bulls.

They are putting loads and loads of sand on this boat for ballast. I wonder why. Shipping space is valuable. We have not begun to coal. The officers will take the soldiers for a hike around Gibraltar tomorrow if they can find tugs to land them. We are four miles from shore.

CHAPTER VII.

An army chaplain, between puffs of a cigarette, informed us soon after breakfast (?) that there would be services this morning. If those army fellows will stop playing stud poker for a while he may get a crowd. There are some very pretty Red Cross girls on board, but unless a fellow is at least a major he doesn't have much of a show—except with one. She likes lieutenants and captains.

CHAPTER VIII.

At nine o'clock this morning about 400 soldiers were taken off the boat on a tender and transferred to the parkway around Gibraltar, where they proceeded to raise sweat and dust for two hours. They were closely guarded, but in spite of that two dropped out of the lines.

Every vessel in the harbor, including two American men-of-war, are decorated with the colors of all the Allies and "associate." Last evening at about eight o'clock the guns on the heights of Gibraltar fired 101 salutes and the fog horn on this old tub was turned loose for half an hour. We understand that it is on account of the signing of Peace. This is somewhat mystifying for when we left Marseilles five days ago the ships in the harbor were decorated in a similar manner, as I have recounted. There must have been some delay, but we get no news on this boat and will get none until we reach America. We do not know when that will be. Some

THE BARTENDER
A LIEUTENANT
AN AMERICAN ARMY DOCTOR
A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT

coal was put on the boat today, the third day we have waited in Gibraltar Bay.

The signing of Peace afforded me a little extra cash on account of my wager which was not a bet, so I went ashore this morning and chartered a boat for Africa tomorrow. I had to guarantee $420 for the trip. Two others were kind enough to join me in the enterprise. This evening I announced to the assembled diners at dinner time that one of our enterprising passengers (me) had chartered a boat and all those who desired might visit Tangier tomorrow, etc.

I then went on to tell them how the famous and intrepid Livingston had started his explorations at Tangier (which he never did) and I painted such a rosy picture of the beauties of a typically Moorish town that enough have volunteered at $5 per capita to much more than repay my guarantee. Thus I get another chapter and one more day will be lopped off this infernal waiting for coal.

Gibraltar was certainly in festive form today. The whole village of ten thousand people was festooned with flags. Impromptu marches were staged by the school children who carried tin pans for drums, and by the elders, many of whom carried an

effervescing load, besides mounted cartoons of the ex-Kaiser. The same Holland visitor was strung up in effigy all over the city, and this morning the guns of the fort again fired 101 times as a welcome to Peace.

The city was really quaintly picturesque; (they say England wants to turn Gibraltar over to America). It is peopled largely by Spanish. The Spanish people love color, so they hung out their bed spreads, their red rugs and everything in the house that had color in it. There was also much lace fluttering from the windows.

Gibraltar has some very quaint little shops with East Indian salesmen and the crowd, which went over today, bought liberally.

The Americans seem to think and act as if our country is going dry.

This morning while the soldiers were parading one of our boys called out to an Englishman, "Hi say, Tommy, 'ave you 'ad your tea?" Quick as a flash the Tommy came back, "Yes, but you better 'ave your beer 'ere." Tomorrow Tangier.

Both the captain and the lieutenant and the Red Cross girl are going.

CHAPTER IX.

Today at noon the coalers struck, and now it is rumored that we will have to remain here in this harbor for another week. One can adjust one's self to almost any kind of circumstances but remaining for days in a harbor, with the hot sun pouring down upon you by day and the cabins like furnaces by night, is not exactly my idea of a joy-life.

I can read and I can write and I can converse and I can find a few unoccupied feet of deck to walk upon. That's all. In fact, we have all of the comforts here that one has in jail, except that we can get off the boat, on parole, and today we went to Tangiers, which is a part of this story.

Entertainment is very remote on this boat. Nearly all the talkers are now telling their stories for the tenth time and there seems to be nothing new under the sun. For instance, a very charming young lady said to me the other morning at breakfast (?):

"What hand do you use to stir your coffee?" and I innocently replied, "Usually my right."

Whereupon she suggested that I ought to use my spoon. I waited two days and then I said to her mother in the presence of the daughter. "Mrs. X, there are some scandalous stories going the rounds of this boat about your daughter and personally I have some reason to believe they are true." The mother was horrified and the daughter was mystified and when they asked me what I had heard. I told them to lean over closer so no one would hear. (Mother and daughter very much interested with pained expressions on their faces.) "I am told (I said in a very loud whisper so every one at the table could hear) that since we left Genoa (O madam, spare me, I must not repeat idle gossip). ("Go on, go on," they cried.) "Well, I am told very confidentially that since we left Genoa (sob) there have been two be(i)rths in your cabin." (Mother wild and daughter outraged. Called me a "nasty thing.")

So we went to Tangier, Africa, a city of the Moors.

I have already told you how we came to charter the boat. At half past eight this morning a large steam tug pulled up alongside this Pesaro ship and its "business manager" proceeded to do business with me. I handed him a long list of names of those who had promised to go to Tangier. Instead of furnishing tickets or remaining on the gangway of his boat, he insisted upon staying in the comfortable reading room of this floating ship to collect the money. He never even made a record of the first forty or fifty dollars he took in. The result was that when every one in sight had paid, he had about half enough money. I was mystified. Had all my friends backed out? Was I stuck? We went down to the boat and took a look. It was loaded full. Then the process of weeding out those who had paid and those who had not paid was begun.

Our departure was delayed one hour, but finally we were off with 120 on board, 12 of whom never paid upon advice from me. That number should have represented a profit to me above my guarantee but not having a written contract with the company, its agent insisted on keeping all the money. I didn't care because my salary goes on just

the same whether I work or not. I am not trying to make money, but if the thing had gone the other way I would have been financially bumped.

I asked the Chief Steward last night to put up a lunch for eighty people, suggesting that as we would be away today, and the boat would profit from it; that the least he could do was to concoct some sandwiches. He was very glad to do it, but this morning when he delivered the lunch he wanted to collect $80. I told him he was laboring under a delusion; that it was not my business to feed the passengers on the boat and then he told me in Italian what he thought of me. I reciprocated in American, with the suggestion that he keep the sandwiches and feed them to the fishes; but he relented and put them on the boat—they were much enjoyed.

It is a three hour trip to Tangier across the Strait of Gibraltar (where many a ship has gone down during this war). If it is as rough as it was yesterday it takes four hours. For several miles we sailed close to the Spanish coast. Here and there one could see on a mountain top the remains of old Moor observation towers. Washington Irving and

the Conquest of Granada became more clear. The desert coasts seemed deserted. Hardly a living thing was to be seen, either of plant or animal life. Once we did spy a mule caravan along the beach but it was so far away many thought the mules were camels. Just before we struck directly across the Strait we got a good view of the ancient and walled city of Tarifa on the Spanish coast. Then we went for Africa.

There is no harbor at Tangier, so our little boat had to anchor in a very rough sea about a mile from shore. Moors, dressed in tunics or baggy pajamas with big broad red belts, red turban caps and kimona shirts, swarmed about the boat begging for the opportunity to take us ashore. Many of them were very bright looking fellows and certainly they are linguists, for some of them spoke English, French, Italian, German, and Spanish. The African zone which we visited is controlled by France.

Tangier, a Moorish city whose buildings date back to the beginning of the Christian era, is located on the shores of the Atlantic where one may repose on the summit of some lofty hills, almost mountains, and watch the caravans of the sea pass into the Strait, con-

necting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic, which at the narrowest point is about twelve miles wide.

Thus our first view of Tangier presented a very white stone city to us; the buildings roofed with tile and with streaks of blue in the white paint that might have been put there to match the sea.

It was a striking picture even if we did approach it in a boat which threatened to capsize every minute as it was greatly overloaded, and the waves rocked resentfully.

We were finally landed at a dilapidated dock and proceeded up a steep slope to the city. Tradesmen swarmed around us by the hundred, speaking the Moorish or Arabian language, punctuated with what little English and other languages the barterers knew.

Having traveled a few places in my time, I was forewarned by intuition that if I wanted to really see the sights nothing could be of more service than two good-looking American women. I therefore gallantly offered to escort the best looking couple on the boat, one a married lady of 44 (?) years, but looking chic and much younger, and a beautiful girl of 22.

Being wise as well as beautiful, they readily accepted my gallant proffer and we were off. As the hills on which the town of Tangier was built are very steep and the streets very narrow, I hired three donkeys and a guide. The girl was a good rider but the married lady shied at the donkey and protested, but in vain. Amid many screams we deposited her on the patient little animal, which she declared she could never ride, and set off up narrow streets filled with shops and dervishes and madly talking people.

To get ahead of my story this same lady declared, when we returned to the boat that henceforth she would take to donkey riding; that she never had enjoyed herself so much in her life. Dear little donkies, how do they do it?

For an hour we rode in narrow lanes of brilliant morning glories and pungent geraniums. We stopped once to visit a Moorish castle which was built in the year 300, according to Mahomet calculations. I shall not describe the castle except you must remember that Moorish architecture is characterized by perfect squares, serrated with pointed projections, and domes. It is simple and to my mind exceedingly beautiful.

Now I am about to record one of the most remarkable experiences of my life and one which is not likely ever to be duplicated. I had always had a lurking desire to see the interior of a harem. My companions felt the same way, so I insisted that the guide take me to one. Protesting much, he led us to the Governor's Palace. We proceeded along very narrow, ill-smelling streets, up steep hills, down precipitous alleys and up again, to see on the summit of the hill a perfectly square and very white building. There were streaks of pink in the paint—just as if geraniums had been smeared into it. There was a roof garden on top and an enormous knocker on the door. I wanted that knocker. I tapped it loudly twice.

While waiting for an answer the guide told me that if I saw the wives or associates of the Governor, the penalty for me was death.

We had passed many women on the streets whose faces were entirely shrouded. One could just see their eyes and sometimes their noses. Finally a very black maid came to the door and I indicated, not speaking Moorish, that we wished to enter, at the same time slipping her a very silver dollar.

She disappeared but came back in about five minutes and invited the ladies to enter, but not me.

Making a show of gallantry as if it didn't matter about me, the ladies then went in. Now I will say that they did not at first appreciate what I had led them into; but they went joyfully in and the old Governor or Bey, who was stretched out upon the floor, rose to greet them. They didn't recognize him, as they thought he was simply a servant.

In the meantime I was waiting at the door in a broiling hot sun as the sea breeze didn't strike us on that side of the house. Soon a handsome boy about twelve years of age came up the steps and as he passed I handed the amazed youngster another very shiny dollar. He left me outside wondering what the inside of a harem was like. I even went so far as to go up to the door and try to peer through the stained glass but a very black girl dressed in very large ear rings came over and locked the door. Seconds passed and the ladies did not return. Minutes seemed merging into hours. I found out afterwards that they both talked French and through the boy who had gone in with my dollar, had

learned that the fat old man reposing on a divan was the Bey of Tangier, so they made amends in a most gracious manner, meanwhile taking in the harem and some twenty-two respective brides of many ages, hues and sizes.

All this time those silver dollars had been working an alchemic change in the hearts of the recipients. Perhaps there were many more servants and probably they wanted some dollars, too? At any rate, the colored dame returned to announce that the "Senor" might enter.

Let me begin again, for this is interesting.

I approached the house between high stone walls whitewashed or painted very white. The house was square, and all around the roof were small spires about a foot high, shaped like wedges. The first door I came to was a very heavy steel one (it might have been bronze) on which was located the fine old knocker. I had passed through this door and entered a hall in which there were matted Moor cushions, if I had wished to sit down. At the end of the hall was the door with stained glass through which I had tried to look. Now it was open and I might enter.

Me, in a harem—twenty-two wives—somewhere — the sun — shining through — something—which gave forth—weird lights —of rainbow colors — Africa — Tangier—a harem—a harem—a harem.

Soon, however, the house settled. It stopped rocking. I looked down. My feet stood upon mosaic work. My knees trembled. My eyes looked up to see that directly above us there was what we would call a sky light, but the light which came through it was diffused. Thus I had visions of rainbows. On the second floor was a square balcony, with small marble pillars. Looked much like the box arrangement of a theatre. Directly in front of me was a magnificent Persian rug, the kind you dream about. Over against the wall was a long mat about a foot from the floor. The mat rested on cushions which were very soft. (I got a chance to feel them.) The mat was covered with an oriental piece of some kind. On that mat reposed the Bey. When the old gentleman saw me he must have felt that two kindred souls had met. He arose, stretched out his hand and I grasped it, at the same time assuring him that it was all my pleasure. He couldn't understand me except that there

must have been a light in my face which was eloquent. Anyway, in very good Moorish, he reciprocated. He then invited me to be seated, which I didn't. I simply stood and gazed about. To my left was a bed chamber, with no door to obscure my vision. Two square pillars with an arch connecting them formed the entrance. A small rug lay at the portal and directly at the back of the rug was more matting on cushions against the side of the wall. A step forward and a crane of the neck revealed the same arrangement around the whole room. There were sleeping quarters for seven of the twenty-two in that place, providing the two which slept at the ends were not over five feet two, and he had them all sizes.

On my right was another bedroom where the servants of color reposed. I was not interested. A little sideways and backward was an open space on the mosaic floor on which was displayed all sorts of beautiful brasserie as if it had been arranged for sale. There were instruments for making tea, coffee and for cooking. A door was thrown open, revealing what we would call a pantry, very small with no window in it. That was the kitchen.

I glanced at the marble stairway and something said to me as something does sometimes:

"My boy, lift up your eyes; come up higher." Clearly it was an inspiration. I gazed at the Governor, who was now stretched out in not too graceful a fashion upon the matting and cushions which I should call a divan. His skin was a swarthy dark color; he was fat; fit to kill; he wore a tunic and a red sash, but his slippers, in accordance with the oriental custom, had been removed. His feet were large and his Van Dyke beard was black. He had a moustache to match. I concede that I should not have been his equal in a physical contest unless I had caught him off his guard. Again with that mystical spiritualism which pervades some of us, he read in my face the call which I had had a few minutes before, and with a wave of the hand denoting authority bade me to go up the marble stairway. So I went. Half way up, the stairs circled around, and right at the circle there was an old Moorish clock, one of the kind grandfather used to talk about, only it was much different. Perhaps you have seen the inlaid Moorish flint lock guns. That's what the clock was. Its

chimes were like a juicy beefsteak; they were so tender. At the top of the stairs, I noticed for the first time, hanging from the center of the glass roof, a marvelous cut glass chandelier. I walked around the balcony, looking down at the old fellow below, but he didn't look up, so quickly had I gained his complete confidence. Then I peered into a room which was a vision.

It was about eight feet wide and twenty-five feet long. From the center hung another cut glass chandelier. On the floor were beautiful rugs, and on the walls handsome tapestries. There were divans along the walls for seven persons but none at the ends of the room, for at both ends of the place, which had no windows in it, there were couches of repose. It would be wicked to call them beds, for they were not. The one on the right was raised four feet from the floor. The first layer was springs, very heavy yet resilient springs. On the springs was a mattress made of the down of many ducks, very soft. The mattress was covered with something that felt like it was felt. I can't name it. It was cool to the touch. Over this was a pale blue silken sheet. The sheet was followed by a pink one of the same

material and then over that was another silken coverlet on which a living likeness of some patron saint of the Moors had been worked, probably Mahomet. The pillow was one piece, absolutely round. That really looked uncomfortable. In front of the bed were heavy purple curtains which could be drawn but now they were parted and a silken mosquito netting protected the edifice from my irreverent gaze (after I had made my investigations).

I will not attempt a description of the other downy divan because it was much like its twin. There was a real bureau into which I did not look but on its marble top were several Moor turbans and a pair of ear rings with emeralds in them as big as cats eyes.

The ladies? Shucks! I didn't see them. I'm too young to die. Besides, one American girl is worth a million times more than every oriental dame from the Cape of Good Hope to the Mediterranean Sea.

A little way outside of the harem we passed a house where the blinds were partly down. At the front door some woman was wailing and kissing the door. It was pathetic in the extreme. We glanced through an open window to see a coffin in the room.

Soon a Moorish funeral was wending its way through the town, the casket carried upon the shoulders of the bearers. Mourners in white robes followed, chanting some weird music and jangling cymbals and tamborines. The people stood at salute with hats off when the cavalcade passed.

Our donkeys rounded the corner of a narrow street and we came face to face with one of the weirdest blackest figures I have ever seen. He was dressed in many spangles, beads and bells. In his hand the old fellow held cymbals which he beat together and when he did one of his entertaining stunts he made many funny grimaces with his face and all its appendages. His dancing, his facial expressions, his blackness, his noise, struck a responsive chord in my memory which startled me. And then I remembered having seen him at the exposition in St. Louis about sixteen years ago.

This was Tangier, Africa. What a world! I confirmed my conviction for the old fellow spoke very good English. We shook hands as old friends.

But back we must go to our boat. The Moors got us in a launch in one of the choppiest seas I have ever been on and then

stopped still for ten minutes until they had collected some extra fares. Just about the time some of the American officers had decided to throw them over board they started the boat and back we came rolling merrily to the Pesaro.

I cannot report upon progress of our heroes and heroine. I was busy.

CHAPTER X.

Yesterday they put on a little coal but the heavers struck again at noon and we are still without enough coal to carry us to the Azores. There are all sorts of rumors flying about. Some say the Bolshevikis have it in for us because this is a German boat. Others say there is trouble between the Italians and the English. We passengers only know that we are laying here in this harbor when we ought to be on our way home. The dough-boys are getting very restless. There have been a few fights. "Take us home or land us," they say. The American officers on board may get busy.

A petty officer on this liner had an argument yesterday with one of our boys. He drew a knife but didn't get to use it. He ought to recover in six months if he receives the proper kind of medical attention.

CHAPTER XI.

Knowing that we are doomed to remain here for another twenty-four hours as the bolshies are coaling again, I chartered a small launch for four of us to be here at the Pesaro this morning at 9:30, to take us to Algeciras, Spain. My boat failed to show up at the appointed hour but another, which an American officer had ordered, did come, and I mistook it for mine. So we four boarded it and shoved off amidst much shouting by the dough-boys who have nothing else to do but poke fun at those of us who can leave the boat. We were not more than ten feet away from the Pesaro when the officer came running down the steps in a very threatening manner and shouted to me to "Bring back that boat, bring it back I say," at the same time shaking both fists at me.

He gave me the first good opening I have ever had, and I surely took advantage of it for in the purest of English I shouted back at the top of my voice, "Go to hell, will you." He must have been very popular with the

boys, judging from the cheers which I heard. I meant no disrespect whatsoever to the American officer, but I did mean most vehemently that if he thought he could "order" me to obey him he had another think coming. If he had spoken respectfully, as one American to another, he probably would have had his boat back and I might not have seen Algeciras. But this damn-you business doesn't go with me, for I, too, am a fighter.

Algeciras is another typical Spanish village located on the sea. The ladies have not adopted the Parisian fashion so we found them wearing the veils or mantillas with very high tortoise shell combs in their hair,—an ancient and I hope honored custom.

There is one place really worth seeing. That is the hotel Reina Christina in which the famous Algeciras conference was held between the French and the Germans when they had some trouble a few years ago, which threatened to precipitate a European war. The Reina Christina hostelry ought to be renowned the world around. The building itself—of the true Spanish type—is

a dream. And it is simply inundated with bowers of multi-tinted flowers.

There is a rumor abroad that we are to leave tomorrow. This boat is controlled by the Admiralty at London through our own Navy representative who is located at Gibraltar. Specific orders were issued yesterday for the boat to proceed but the Italian captain disobeyed them. We were ordered to proceed to the Azores and coal, but if we had done that the Lloyd Sabaudo line would have lost its commission on the profits of the sale of the coal which we are supposed to take on here, as the U. S. has its own coal at the Azores. So we are still here. But not for long.

CHAPTER XII.

This boat will sail when the captain gets ready. He has had orders from the Naval officials of the American Admiralty but we are still here. Outside, as I write, I can hear a hundred chattering, swearing, screeching men who are pouring coal or rather coal dust into the hold of this vessel. They are dumping it in by the bushel basket full. It seems rather an endless task to fill up the coal bunks by that process, but they have systematized their method of working and really the baskets are emptied with despatch. Almost a week in port, waiting and wondering and writing.

And this is our glorious day of Independence, the Fourth of July!

If we do not sail this evening a number of us will celebrate upon the battleship Pittsburgh which is anchored here. If we do sail, then that will be celebration enough. There is to be an American baseball game at Gibraltar this afternoon, so that means we will not raise the anchor until six o'clock

anyway. Meanwhile rumors are afloat that some one may try to do to this old German ship what was done to the interned fleet at Scapa Flow. The few women who are on board are petulant and hysterical. Such rumors affect them temperamentally. We are practically out of touch with the world. There is very little news of any kind and none from America. There are some old English papers for sale in Gibraltar, but I could have bought the same issues in Genoa before I left, June 23. Eleven days from Genoa to Gibraltar via Marseilles, which is a good 48 hours' run.

It might be much worse. There are some very pleasant people on board. The food is better than when we first started. We have been able to get to land most every day for a few hours. A Lieutenant of the U. S. Navy here at Gibraltar received orders to return home and as there was no cabin for him I have shared mine which really for me is a delightful privilege. I should like to name this splendid American youth but some of the things which I have already written, and others which I shall write, have been told to me by him so it is obvious that my informer must travel incognito with the

readers of this book. As a writer I too often find this must be the case; to many splendid men and women am I indebted for information which you read, and yet I must pay them only a silent tribute.

We did not get off today, so this has been a glorious Fourth. At noon the sea became so rough that it was necessary to stop coaling or the barges would have been swamped. The waves were leaping so high and so wild that the regular launch which runs between the Pesaro and the shore did not come out. However, 500 dough-boys went ashore this morning because a ball game was to be played this afternoon between the soldiers and the blue jackets from the Pittsburgh.

My bunk mate, the Naval official, offered to take a few of us on shore in his navy launch. We eagerly accepted. The water leaped over the boat just as if we had been riding on a raft. A shore trip which should take only thirty minutes consumed one hour and fifteen minutes. We were thoroughly drenched but on shore the hot sun and wind soon dried us out and we were ready for the ball game.

About 1,000 Americans, a dozen or two of us being civilians, gathered in a ball park,

while, between tunes by the Marine band, eight innings of fairly good baseball were played, the Navy winning by a score of 5 to 1. The dough-boys had had no chance to practice and they were hardly a match for the elongated fireman hurler from the Pittsburgh. The repartee was most interesting.

One dough-boy was hit with a foul ball and immediately a hundred men yelled, "Give him a wound stripe." When they encouraged their pitcher they called out, "Come on buddie, you know we get salmon salad tonight."

Another, reflecting the feeling of us all said, "Take your time, buddie, take your time, we'll be here for a week yet."

There were two umpires, one for the Navy and the other for the Army. Whenever there was a close decision the Navy man always favored the Army and the Army man always favored the Navy so we had the paradoxical situation of the Navy roasting its own umpire and the Army doing likewise. It was thoroughly an American outing and was the most unique Fourth of July I have ever spent, but the best was yet to come.

We boarded the Pittsburgh about 6 o'clock and we left at midnight on the Admiral's launch for the Pesaro. In the meantime we had enjoyed a real American meal with turkey and gravy and all the "trimmings." I say it was real American for it was the first one I had attended in six months where no wines have been served.

The Pittsburgh is a very luxurious battleship, more fitted for cruising than for fighting. In fact that is about all it is good for as its guns are not heavy enough to afford it much protection in case of a fight with a real man-of-war and its speed is not great enough to enable it to get away from a swift fighter. But as an Admiral's boat it is a beautiful hotel, as spotlessly clean as anything you can possibly imagine. After the most delicious dinner had been served, and cigarettes had gone the rounds, the table was taken out of the mess room, the Victrola turned on and the ladies and officers danced. I think the officers were the handsomest and altogether the finest set of men I have ever seen on a battleship. Very keen, delightfully American, and reserved until they got acquainted. It took half an hour for the stiff-

ness to wear off but when it did conversation began to flow and the fun was on.

There was an excellent moving picture show but the pictures were not so attractive as the men who watched it. I suppose 500 or 600 blue jackets dressed in spotless white were on the decks. The big guns had been swung to port and starboard so that a canvas could be stretched, and Julian Eltinge went through several of his clever womanly stunts, much to the delight of the officers and men. Admiral and Mrs. Grant honored us with their presence. Between each reel the band played American airs. With the heavens for a canvas, the stars for light and the water for a setting the picture was beautiful and truly inspiring. I promised to send the men copies of the books I have written and this one too, which I hope finds them somewhere on the high seas, and conveys to them my deepest appreciation for a most delightful experience. It was a perfectly sane, grand, glorious Fourth.

CHAPTER XII.

The dough-boys are now coaling this ship so it seems that we might get away tonight. Only a few of them can be used at a time and they are volunteers. It is surprising to see how many of the colored fellows took the dirty dusty job and it was most amusing to watch them. They soon began to yell at the Spanish who remained on the barges to help them and they sent the baskets up so fast that the "Wops," as they call them, could not handle the coal. Some fellow in the hold stuck his head out of a port hole and gesticulated wildly in protestation but the darkies kept singing "step lively" and injected into the conversation every French word or phrase they have picked up, whether it suited the action or not. It certainly was highly amusing as well as coaling. The intrepid foreigner who stuck his head out of a port hole was carried away in a launch. He will probably awake on the Sabbath day in a very sore state of mind and

skull, for a well directed chunk of coal silenced him and his protesting song.

After we had hung here for three days there was much blustery talk in the characteristic American fashion about starting this boat and I put some faith in it. It sounded splendid and when it was learned that the Americans had taken charge of things a cheer went up from all over the boat. I am afraid, however, that the actual results represent what has transpired over here a great many times since the war began.

We've done a lot of swearing and blustering but the Europeans have taken their own blessed time, and they have done things in their own way.

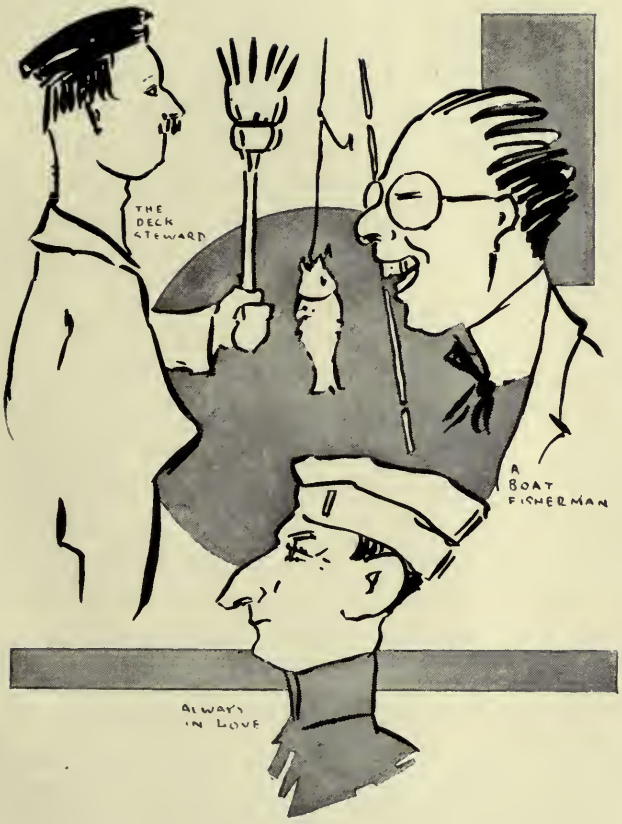
The only thing we hear now is that when this boat reaches New York the whole Italian crew from the captain down will be arrested.

If you read this story as I intend it to be read, being a narrative of many details, you will or should appreciate what it means to wage war 3,000 miles away. You will also appreciate, I think, why I return home feeling that I am not leaving one friendly Government or press behind. If I had my way about it I should call the dough-boys to-

gether, organize an expedition and throw every member of the crew into the sea and then start home. There are plenty of naval men on this boat who know how to run a ship. We would precipitate international complications but they are already started anyway so we better get home. Besides, there has already been some blood shed, and the members of the crew who are selling cognac to our boys surreptitiously have been responsible for it.

It is now past eleven o'clock at night and the dough-boys are still coaling so that we will be off early tomorrow morning. (Sunday.) This has put a great deal of natural and artificial spirits into the crowd. The soldiers are celebrating. A splendid cornetist is sitting in the rigging playing merry tunes and the boys are singing. A big black Negro was hauled up from the hold and he did a buck and wing dance which caught the fancy of the crowd, as a thousand or more of us were gathered astern to listen.

Then there occurred one of the funniest incidents I have ever witnessed in my life. Imagine all of us assembled with nothing in particular to do. We wanted entertainment but there seemed to be no one to entertain.


THE
DECK
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FISHERMAN
ALWAYS
IN LOVE

The singing of the soldiers was fine, if not altogether harmonious, but something was needed to explode the pent up passions of a week of watchful waiting.

Finally some of the soldiers began to yell for "Murphy," "Where's Pat?" "Come on, Murphy," etc. Eventually a coal begrimed soldier appeared. He was so deeply covered with the dirt that many thought he was a Negro. It was plain to be seen that when he entered a little circle, which the soldiers made for him, that he was under the influence of liquor.

He politely bowed, doffing his service cap, at the same time lurching a little to the port side. Suddenly as if by inspiration half a hundred called out, "Murphy, Murphy, when are we going home?" Murphy straightened up and saluted his numerous interrogators, and then in a voice which could be heard all over the ship, replied:

"When (head bobbed) we (hic) get a fav-vor-rable wind."

Nobody on the footstool but an Irishman possesses such wit as that. Dear old Murphy then bowed repeatedly to his yelling, cheering admirers and to cap the climax

took his identification tag from around his neck and thrust it in his eye, like a monocle. I shall never be sorry that Murphy had had too much to drink.

CHAPTER XIII.

I was on deck early this morning, perhaps about five o'clock. The sun was just creeping over Gibraltar and the coast of Spain seemed slipping away. It was a fact. At last we were bound for New York. Within the Strait one could count several ocean steamers. The African coast seemed so near you could almost reach out and touch it. There were no clouds above the mountains so that you could see an African village many, many miles away. Just as we swung our prow toward the Atlantic the bright morning sun struck the ocean mists in front of us and a rainbow flared in arched triumph before us. A good omen of the sea.

I was asked to say something in behalf of the two hundred soldiers who had coaled the ship.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Permit me to announce that after a fitful week of meditation, agitation and villification we are now upon the high seas, bound for New York. (Cheers.) We are not sailing today by vir-

tue of the fact that we have purchased tickets which entitle us to passage, but we are sailing because the American dough-boys have put into the bunkers the coal that makes the steam, that makes the wheels go round. (Long and continued applause.) Now I am told that many of those gallant men have wives and children in the States. I am also informed that the same fate awaits most of the rest of the others upon our happy return. Therefore, if you agree with me that these men have done a handsome thing (handsome borrowed from President Wilson) for us will you join me in making a very modest contribution, to purchase each of them an extra package of cigarettes. (Cries of yes, yes.) Since I apprehend that this request strikes a responsive chord in your hearts please be kind enough to hand your contributions to my esteemed friend the Y. M. C. A. Secretary, that one with a lean and hungry look." (Laughter and applause.)

There were two hundred of our boys who helped to coal this ship without one cent of pay. In fact the company which furnished the coal collects for the labor of our men. They tried and did put it over on them by saying that "two more barges" were to be loaded. But before those were finished others were brought up. Then the boys were

told that 80 baskets from those barges must go on. When the eighty had been loaded they were told that 50 more were needed to trim the ship, and so on.

About two o'clock this morning they passed around the word that they would put on just a certain number more and then "this ship will sail," with emphasis. It did. And it makes one almost shudder to think what would have happened if it had not.

This is what our army has been up against ever since it came across. We Americans do not understand foreigners and certainly they do not understand us. We've simply got to start in getting acquainted with the world and getting the world acquainted with us. In the meantime we must maintain an Army and a Navy which will protect our country. We must rely upon our own strength.

CHAPTER XIV.

The fourteenth day dawned, with a roll which is discomforting to many unfortunates. Those who have not settled up have settled down, so that the few of us who are not disturbed by the rhythmic roll of the cradle of the deep have the promenade deck to ourselves, which is our compensation. Nothing of interest happened yesterday except an incident which has been much talked about. This ship ought to be renamed. Call it "The Ship for Scandal." Very few reputations will escape unscathed. The story that is going the rounds about me, however, is not so bad, but I am not proud of it. It is said that I nightly don pink silk pajamas, fringed at the bottom with laces and blue ribbons. This is the first time in my life I have ever been accused of being effeminate. However, in order to make the legend seem real I borrowed a pair of panties from a lady on the ship and arrayed myself in them as the story went. A party was conducted to my cabin when I feigned sleep and there I

lay in all my lacial and ribbonly splendor. Seeing is believing and the skeptics who could not harmonize my daily life with pink pajamas and laces now are saying that "It takes all kinds of people to make a world."

When we left Genoa a mother of two children purchased some deck chairs and placed them upon a chosen quarter where they have since remained. An Italian passenger made up his mind yesterday, after the lady had properly pre-empted the spot for thirteen days, that he wanted that place for his chair and he took it. The lady, filled with righteous indignation, protested much. Whereupon the Italian passenger said very vehemently that "You are not a lady." His remarks were passed around among the women on board and then the tale came to the men. But it had no sooner started than an army captain from Oregon jumped from his deck chair and sought out the heroine and the villain. The latter denied having made the ungentlemanly remark, but the lady said he did, and some Red Cross girls, who overheard him, confirmed her statement. The Oregon Captain then bade the Italian to move his chair. He did. Then he asked him to make a public apology for

his statement to the lady. Before a large crowd of interested spectators he publicly apologized but not until the Oregon captain had informed him he would either be landed in New York on a stretcher or deposited in the deep blue sea if he didn't "come across." Thus the only interesting incident of the Sabbath day ended peacefully with a victory for the man from Oregon. It is interesting to speculate upon what would have been the fate of the Italian if the captain had been from Mississippi.

Today all of the soldiers who coaled this ship were given a special dinner as a token of our esteem, in addition to cigarettes. We would still be in Gibraltar if the dough-boys had not finished the coaling.

One of the Red Cross girls inadvertently blew her upper teeth into the ocean today while suffering from a gastronomic flivver. Now the young lieutenant who has been keeping her company for two weeks is boasting about how little he cared for her—that it was "just to pass away the time" and is making other ungallant remarks. Love is inconstant especially upon a rough sea.

There is one woman on board who is pretty even if she has passed forty-five or

six years. Last night when the boat began to pitch she sought comfort in her own negligee fashion. This incident resulted in a request to the Poet Laureate to write a poem in commemoration of the event. Accordingly, I wrote the following which was set to music by an English lady on board.

When Mother Shimmies in Her Shimmies.

There's a song in my heart,
Like the waves of the sea,
There's joy in my soul,
Which satisfies me,
There's a thrill in my spine,
Which nothing can cure,
For mother has shimmied
In her shimmies demure.

She pranced on the deck,
Of this steamer last night,
Just robed in her shimmies,
O, boys—'Twas a sight,
The stars in the heavens,
Looked down with a frown,
To see mother so shimmied
In her shimmeying gown.

The watch in the look-out
  Had cried, "All is well"
He must have meant mother,
  White robed as a belle,
The ship which was doing
  Twelve knots to the hour,
Struck out like a racer,
  Testing its power.

For the wind of the sea,
  Which threatened to fail,
Caught up mother's shimmies
  Which it used for a sail,
And we sped through the night
  As if seeking for fame,
'Twas all on account
  Of the shimmeying dame.

O, boys, we don't care,
  If we never get home,
If mother will shimmy
  So long as we roam.

Thus it so happens that one, who is seriously inclined and given much to introspection, finds himself the center of smiling gossip in mid-ocean, because an incident and a silly ditty strikes a popular chord.

CHAPTER XV.

Late yesterday afternoon one of the soldiers who has been able by some means to get considerable to drink was confined to the "guard house," which in this instance happened to be one of the bath rooms. Very much under the influence of liquor, he broke one of the panes in the door and armed with his glass weapon started upon a rampage. He went on deck where the first-class passengers are located and brandishing his weapon, threatened to carve up anyone who came in contact with him. There was a panic among the women and the officer of the guard, who threatened to shoot him, was calmly ordered to go ahead. The maniac was overpowered and today languishes safely in chains where he can do no harm.

Today I participated in the soldiers' luncheon, served at twelve. All of us lined up with our mess kits, consisting of an aluminum tin cup, and a pan with a top. In the tin cup we received piping hot coffee, sweetened and tempered with canned milk.

In our pan too we got a liberal ration of stewed prunes, which I consider a luxury over here, and in our pan proper we were served one boiled potato, one piece of boiled beef, and some gravy, also a big hunk of bread. That was our meal. There was ample for all who could eat. The sea was high and many of the boys were sick. Besides, the environment is not appetizing. The cooks are dirty, and the men who served the stuff to our long line seemed to think that their fingers were made for dishing out food and used them accordingly.

All had to eat in the midst of hanging quarters of raw beef. Perhaps I was the only one of the bunch who thought of it, but it was not appetizing. But these men are going home, which is more to them than anything else in the world, and they will put up with anything.

There was one fight between two doughboys during the meal which was a bloody affair, one of the fellows being very badly battered in the neighborhood of his nose. No attempt was made to part them. They fought on until one got enough and then they shook hands. Such is life on the ocean wave.

Their sleeping quarters are not all that can be desired but no one is complaining. They are bunked in iron beds three deep in the hold of the vesesl which in normal times is used for cargo and steerage. The quarters are damp, dark and, in stormy weather, very close, as the portholes must remain closed. War, three thousand miles away, is no joke.

Many stories of bravery in war will be told, very, very many. But I often wonder if those young lads who rode those submarine chasers will ever get their due. They crossed the ocean on boats 110 feet long, about the size of the caravels of Columbus, but not nearly so bulky. Life upon them is something fearful to contemplate. Sometimes one of the men would go forward and have to remain for three or four days separated from his companions, because the weather was so stormy the hatches could not be opened to let him back. During that time he would subsist upon emergency rations which had been placed in that particular part of the boat for just such a purpose. Some of those boats turned turtle and sank. Others went down from collisions and other causes.

Then there are the brave and fearless men who manned the merchant marine. They endured real hazards of war. They were in eternal danger. War has its heroes but the men of the merchant marine are the super-heroes of strife.

My sympathy is with the "regular" in the Army and Navy, the men who are in the service through choice. When the armistice was signed no one ever thought of their going home. It was just a natural sequence of thought that they should continue to stick to their posts. I have talked with many of them and, so far as I am able to tell, they have hearts just as big and full of love as the men who volunteered. They have families which are dear to them and girls of their dreams. Yet orders sent them to far away climes or kept them where they were. For one year, two years, three years yet before home. What must their thoughts have been when they saw emergency army and navy men returning to welcomes unprecedented in modern times. Some day some Kipling will tell the story of the American Army and Navy regulars. It will be a story of resplendent humor and infinite tears.

Some of the Italian boys on this boat, who have been fighting in Italy and France, in an American uniform (there were about 200,000 of them) many of whom speak only broken English, have recently been rather loud in their praise of their mother country, to the detriment of the United States. When they started to sing Italian patriotic songs the officers put a stop to it. When the real bona fide Americans found it out trouble was but narrowly averted and those indiscreet, as well as unpatriotic young fellows, may thank their stars they didn't join Davy Jones.

America certainly has a problem on her hands in her polyglot of hyphenated races. A very, very large majority of such young men are coming back every inch Americans. They love their country of adoption more than ever before and we Americans who have the race born and bred in us must do more than we have done to elevate the standards of patriotic thought. I, personally, think we can shut off immigration for three or four years to good advantage.

CHAPTER XVI.

At noon today we passed one of the islands of the Azores, sailing by to the south of it. We have taken the southern course, so I am reliably told, in order to escape the heavy winds which are now prevailing in the north Atlantic. The island, which is the only one we shall see, is in reality a mountain, with precipitous cliffs against which the water ceaselessly surges. There is no harbor, so if we had paused we should have had to anchor a long way out. It was first rumored that we were to stop for provisions for the soldiers; then we were told that we would stop for fresh water. But we sailed past the green valleys which one could discern with the aid of a glass, beyond terraced hillsides, and now we are bound for New York. In seven or eight days we should be there.

We wonder what is happening in the old world. How is Peace adjusting itself? Has President Wilson returned home? What are the Bolshevikis doing? How is the

wheat crop turning out? Who leads the leagues? How is everybody? If we were in the wilds of Africa we could not possibly be further removed from news than we are now.

There was one rumor in circulation today which has a basis. It struck terror to the hearts of some of the mothers with children on board. There is one well developed case of diphtheria and another questionable one. If the scourge should break out we might be quarantined in New York for a week or two. O joy!

There is more strife between the American officers on board for the hands and hearts of the Red Cross girls (until we reach New York. The lieutenant was going along swimmingly when all of a sudden the lady switched to the captain. Now in this case the officer of lower rank does not necessarily need to follow any particular regulations, and he has sworn that he is going to cut the captain out, to show him that he can do it, and then drop the girl.

Right at this point may I explain to the reader that this is a chronicle of what is happening on a troop-ship, on which about 600 civilians and 1,200 soldiers are sailing. The

things which I am recording are put down as they transpire from day to day and are actual happenings, not what I imagine. The above statement may seem silly on land, where you have access to daily newspapers, where you can come and go. But remember that we have been practically prisoners on this boat since the 23rd day of June. It is true that at Gibraltar we could get off for a short time but we always had to report back to ship early for fear it would sail without us. This is the sixteenth day we have slept on this boat and we are hardly one-third of the distance across the Atlantic. So in the course of events what one thinks or does becomes common gossip. The above story was related to me by a woman, who said the lieutenant told her, which I know he did.

Remember, we are in numbers as large as many a small country town, about two thousand people. No place to go, nothing to do. I have the only library on board worth mentioning and my books are doing double time. But people are getting horribly peevish and constant rumors about floating mines and the diphtheria scare, together with the melancholy of the ocean, the

awe of it affect all of us, or rather most all of us.

So I record what I see. Music would be enlivening but tonight while we were eating dinner some one was playing on the piano and half a dozen old maids got hysterical and they had to quit.

CHAPTER XVII.

We should have landed in New York today. Instead we are promenading the deck, 15 times around for one mile, hardly yet in mid-ocean. There was boat drill today. One long blast of the whistle and all of us sought our life-boats to be used in case of emergency. It has been rather dull but trouble is brewing. There will be something doing tomorrow, and of course I am mixed up in it. Perhaps I'll tell you about that, too.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I have already told you that there are a number of women on board who have been marooned in Switzerland or Italy since the outbreak of the war in 1914. They are now homeward bound. One lady with a marrigeable daughter cast out her lines for an Italian on board this ship who is an officer and reputed to be a wealthy man. She and the very pretty girl sit at a table near the center of the dining saloon with three American officers. Now these officers are splendid young men who very much resent the speed at which the Italian officer is traveling along the route of affections (top deck) with the daughter. So they have had anything but kind words to say concerning the "wops" and Italian officers in particular. Being in uniform, the lady assumes that what they have said is "official" and she has repeated it to the officer from Italy, and he, noble soul, overlooks the "insults" but at the same time utilizes the incident to gather in the affections of the daughter (for eight days yet).

Things came to such a pass that I was called in as arbitrator. I chose the title of Adjudicator of Excesses and proceeded to draw up a two-page armistice designating in deference the American officers as "Parties of the Offensive," and the American mother as "Party of the Defensive." The Parties of the Offensive signed the armistice and I then presented it to the Party of the Defensive yesterday noon with the stipulation that it must be signed by her and returned to me not later than seven o'clock last night. In case of the madam's failure to live up to the articles of agreement, the armistice terms provided that she was to be confined for a period not exceeding nine months, under my supervision and direction.

She failed to sign and of course the war is still on. So last night when it came time for dinner the three officers deliberately took seats in other parts of the dining room, leaving the mother and daughter gloriously alone, the cynosure of 300 gossiping people. Now the story has started the rounds that the American officers deeply resent the inroads which the Italian officer has made upon the affections of the daughter. Or perhaps there is something more. Who knows?

One of the stewards relates what he saw, and his eyesight must be very good. Mother and daughter, both blissfully innocent, are now the nucleus of the juiciest bit of gossip which eighteen days have yet produced and the end is not yet in sight. It is now my duty as Adjudicator to bring about peace between the two warring nationalities, and if possible to save the reputations of the ladies. Thus we shall have to stop at this point in a very delicate matter and await developments. Somehow I feel I shall be equal to the task. But the mills of the gods grind slowly.

In the meantime I am enjoying the solace of rather a peculiar reputation upon this boat, aside from the pink pajamas. Take it altogether, I think it is an enviable one, and it has come about through tending strictly to my own business. I never visit the upper deck after dark. If I do I don't come down wiping my lips. I never promenade except alone. When I walk I affect a deep pensive mood with my hands clasped behind me, and every third time around I stop and gaze in deep meditation at the moon.

People say, "He seems to be thoughtful," and they make other remarks. I do not de-

ceive for it is unnecessary. Thus when they learn that long years ago I strayed from the solitary path of life, into a garden where five blessed children drive away dull care, the old men look upon me with envy and the youthful among us take courage. Thus it so happens that I am called upon to guide the barks of those who are just starting on the perilous voyage for it is obvious that long ago I passed over the rapids and am now sailing in smooth waters.

So it was with genuine pleasure that upon special and confidential request I wrote the following poem for one who must remain unknown to you, dear reader, because love is something concerning which no sane man will attempt to jest. Therefore, I took for my theme that which is uppermost in the minds of all of us.

We want to get home. Hence the subject, "My Home." This is the poem which may decide the fate of two lives. I shall let you judge of its merits and I may not tell you of the actual outcome of the little play on this moving stage, because I probably shall never know.

My Home.

When shadows fall, and over all,
The night has gathered deep,
When stars are heavens only light,
And half the world's in sleep,
I close my eyes, and paradise,
Seems just beyond my view,
Dear Sweetheart, in this solemn hour,
My thoughts are all of you.

All tears forgot, no passion hot,
Disturbs my midnight dream,
Your face divinely seems to shine,
Your lovely eyes to beam.
With holy light. O dearest mine,
Whose love my life has blest,
I sweetly sink to sleep at last,
At home upon your breast.

Where ere I roam, no other home,
Shall ever hold my heart,
My life, my all, I give to Thee,
Together or apart.
In this or other worlds than this,
Where ere our souls shall be,
In love divine, my love is thine,
Throughout Eternity.

Later: They have promised to name their first boy for me.

Today the dough-boys staged a prize fight but it was rather a tame affair. Three sets of youngsters in the second class were much more amusing in their pugilistic punching and several coins were tossed to them after the fray.

The ocean looks smooth enough but there is a heavy swell and the boat pitches and sways violently. The moon shines through the clouds, mystically, and the beat of the waves against the boat sounds like breaking surf on a rock-bound coast. Meanwhile a major whose hair is tinged with gray has been devoting too much attention to an Italian girl. Neither speak the same language but there seems to be something in common between them. I try never to pass judgment on my fellow countrymen, or those of any other land, but the old fool is a revelation to me.

There are four priests on board, three ordinary well-fed crows and one great big priest. They are jolly good fellows and have done nothing which I have seen that reflects upon the cloth.

We have our little princess, one of those beautiful children which you are perfectly willing to agree is just as charming as your own. The other day at luncheon I suppose I was staring at her in rather a rude way for her little face was a vision of loveliness and sweet innocence. While I sat there, enraptured, that blessed little thing came down the corridor between the tables and holding out her delicate wan hand extended it to me for a kiss. No knight has ever been more signally honored by his lady love, and to this hour I do not know why she ever thus presented herself to me in such queenly fashion.

How wonderful is the innocence of childhood. Truly it has been said that "A little child shall lead them." My dear little Princess, when the scenes of today are but memories of time which was spent upon a long journey and the comedies and tragedies of slow moving hours have mingled with the dust of yesterday, I shall recall, with reverence, the gracious goodness with which you smiled and came to me in simple trusting faith for the homage which every knight pays to his lady love.

The commandant of the boat has posted a sign which indicates that one long blast of

the whistle means boat drill and two long blasts of the whistle means "man overboard." Nothing about the women mentioned. We could lose a dozen or two of the old hens on this ship without any distress. Take the one for instance with the bird cage.

CHAPTER XIX.

People on board a ship live as if they were under a microscope. Their goodness and their badness is magnified. Their faults are exaggerated and their virtues much enlarged. Thus I envy that philosophy of a noble woman, who is much devoted to her husband, when she said, after some gossiper had told her a shameless tale, "I always try to see the good, not the bad. Please do not tell me such things. There is some good in all of us and I am sure everyone on this boat has some good qualities."

Then she left for a promenade with her husband and every time they rounded the dark corner of the deck he kissed her, and their honeymoon has been going on for ten years.

There is a lady in the second class who calls herself a duchess. She opened a cabin of ill-fame and for a while long queues waited at the threshold. But there was a sudden and tragic ending which is set down

because it is one of the lurid and pathetic incidents of this ocean trip.

The race between the captain and the lieutenant has suddenly veered in favor of the latter. It is early now to prognosticate with certainty what the ultimate issue will be.

There are two elderly men on board whose daily life is beautiful. One of them, the elder, is suffering from locomotor ataxia. He must be led, fed, and cared for almost as a child. So the younger, whose hair is turning gray, devotes every hour of the day and night to kindly ministrations. I am sure that the patience which he exhibits and the devotion which he shows to the afflicted one has touched the hearts of all of us. The greatest of these is LOVE.

This is one of those stifling hot days in mid-ocean when the salt of the sea seems to lodge in every pore and your whole frame oozes brine.

The soldiers are lolling on the deck. Down in the hold a few of them are playing an interesting game known as stud poker. I do not understand it but the money seems to change hands with lightning rapidity. Now and then there is a bugle call to which the soldiers respond. They run around the deck

a few times, generating much sweat, but for the most part these are dull, dull days. Energy is sapped, and life feels like molasses oozing out of a barrel bung hole in June.

The officers are filling out records and making up pay rolls, which reminds me that Uncle Sam sent many a remittance to his soldiers in Italy in transparent envelopes, while the rules of the Italian censorship provided that communications in transparent envelopes should be thrown in the waste basket. The complication involved in warring three thousand miles away are multitudinous.

A few soldiers were court-martialed today. The officers sat as a jury of six, and the charges were read. The charges were mostly for being drunk and disobedient or disrespectful to officers. Some of the poor devils got six months or a year in Leavenworth, when we are now almost home. Just six days more. I should say that liquor is nine-tenths responsible. These are the tragedies which make a prohibitionist out of a man.

The latest rumor is that we have food enough on board to last just four days and

no more. Meanwhile we wonder what is being done with the Kaiser.

There was another pugilistic seance this afternoon. Two heavy-weights fought until one quit after two rounds; then two fancy steppers took the ring. They were mild, after which two men of color pranced about a bit, very politely tapping each other now and then, while the ocean is like a pond as we sail.

We have the "Daily Wail" with us. It is an ingenious little travesty which is done by a well known correspondent of a Chicago paper, under the direction of a brown-eyed pretty English girl who is his charming and devoted wife. The printing establishment consists of a well known make of transportable typewriter, and the "Daily Wail" frequently comprises three pages of "news."

And I must not forget to mention afternoon tea at three. Luncheon is at twelve. Thus we eat and drink and live and laugh on board the Pesaro bound for New York on a troop-ship. We are averaging a little over three hundred miles per day. By the grace of courage and coal we will soon arrive.

Late this afternoon the captain had the inside track again. He plays the piano well and he serenaded his lady who assisted him with a mandolin.

The battle between the American officers and the lady and daughter, with the Italian officer in reserve, still rages silently. Seated at the same table breaking identical bread, choking upon similar fish bones, and swallowing twin prune seeds, both have entrenched. Verily, it is not yet time for me to act.

Over against the horizon, across the smooth deep sea, a sailing vessel is bound toward the rising sun. Now and then a piece of dull brown seaweed floats by. The ocean is as blue as the language of a coxswain who has skinned his shins upon an achor chain.

CHAPTER XX.

This is Sunday, the third one aboard the Pesaro. High mass was celebrated this morning at 8 o'clock in the smoking room. At 10 o'clock church services were held in the music room. At 12 o'clock we dined. They are shortening up on our rations. There must be some truth in the report that food is getting low. This evening I lectured to a chosen few, selecting my own audience, and then locking the door of the dining saloon. They had to sit through it. Would you? For this is what I said, after asking my audience to disregard the fact that I was not speaking to them. For the audience of my mind and my heart was one somewhere in the States. Together we laughed and we wept and felt better.

Over Seas in a Sack Suit.

"When the mailed fist of war had been shackled by the signing of the armistice; when the last gun in Flanders field had thundered its final diapason; when legions of

heroic soldiers saw the final chapter of carnage closed on the Western front, then the human race was to witness the homeward marching of more potential heroes than historians had numbered, from the prehistoric dawn, to that fateful November eleventh hour.

"Some of them you have seen survivors of terrific battles in the air, on land and sea; de-limbed, maimed and blind, every one worthy of noblest tribute and undying fame.

"And across the vision of our dreams of Victory, there flashes for a moment, the spectre of hosts of heroes, who fell in the midnight of battle, the end of a Great Adventure, whose solemn requiem shall stir a fever in the blood, so long as man loves liberty and right!

"But there are millions of us who never reached the firing line; who never expected to see the battle front; we were doomed to the sack suit of civilian life; thus must I speak to you, neither as a soldier, sailor nor marine, just a private in the ranks of a thing called commerce, a voyager on several seas, a writer devoid of decorations, a speaker without the prestige of fame.

"**Hence,** without further digression, I shall throw a few pictures upon the screen of your imaginations; I shall take you into the highways and by-ways of foreign commerce and trade, of international politics and diplomacy, of readjustment and reconstruction. **We shall see** devastation and chaos upon this journey, where thousands died and millions fought.

"Let us engage our trans-Atlantic passage upon a comfortable ocean steamer, utilized upon its return trip, largely for the transportation of American troops. It is a boat broad of beam which slightly rolls and rocks to the rhythmic swell of the cradle of the deep. There shall be no stories of physical qualms, for so far as I know there are none which it would be edifying to repeat.

"As for myself (if you will pardon) I have sailed on seven seas when mighty tempests have tossed the ship as a toy on their bosoms, and in dead calms when one could scarcely feel the steamer's quiver, and neither in tempest nor calm have I ever experienced one gastronomic flivver.

"Somehow when the pall of night falls upon the silent ocean, when the stars are but feeble twinkling lights which link us to the

sunshine of day-dreams and laughter and love, then surely the thoughtful must ponder in heathen awe over the majesty of nature. But when the waves roll high, and break in cloud crests of whitened foam over the decks of the vessel, when storms rage and fitful gusts of rain and sleet, blind the bold sailors, when the prow leaps high and the stern plunges low, then the elemental in man asserts itself, and the ocean is dared to do its worst!

"So it seems to me that when the world was **shaken** by the storms of war, and men and Nations were instinctively drawn together for mutual preservation, that the heroic most vigorously asserted itself.

"It was only when the storm was over, when the tension relaxed that the true test of the principles of democracy confronted human kind.

"It is of the calm of which I would speak, the ominous stillness which followed the signing of the armistice!

"Let us disembark in Liverpool, drenched in rain, shivering with cold, and embalmed in a cheesy fog.

"The principal port of England, during war-time (and by war-time I mean that pe-

riod following the armistice) is a military center where alien civilians are quizzed, labeled, stamped, measured, marked, photographed, thumb-printed to the utmost satisfaction of Scotland Yards, no matter how reticent one may be, or how legitimate the purpose of the journey. There are no fixed fees for the police procedure, but gratuities are accepted with thanks, and they ease the way which would otherwise be spent in queues of hysterical women, crying children, wounded soldiers, perspiring Chinamen, and a polyglot of all the races that fate and fortune have cast into the British Isles. There is no particular mystery about civilians traveling in war-time, providing your papers are authentic, and your credit is as good as gold. But there is difficulty in explaining to the principals you represent, that you have not bought the Bank of England, attempted the reconstruction of Belgium or purchased a harem in the land of Turkestan.

"Not far from Liverpool one may visit where Roman legions camped two thousand years ago, leaving for posterity, antique relics of their abode. In fact, you do not travel in the British Isles or Europe very long, before you learn that the Revolutionary war is

recent enough to warrant special editions of our daily newspapers, recounting the successful ride of Paul Revere, or the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

"Buildings which do not date back to the fifteenth century, tombstones epitaphing the lives of those within three hundred years, and businesses established after 1700 hardly attract your attention, when you can fraternize with knights and crusaders now resting upon their laurels in the ancient tombs and churches.

"Liverpool immediately reminded me of something I had read somewhere about a Revolutionary soldier, who upon being asked why he had fought for independence, replied, "I was cut out of my sweetheart by a red coat gallant; a marine officer with Lord Dunmore."

"The war which was fought upon the Western front at times could hardly have been more engaging than the one which the Yanks, who were encamped at Liverpool, were waging for the hands and hearts of Briton's maids, based upon the Patrick Henry principle of "Give me liberty or give me death" with those pretty English girls.

"We like to believe, indeed we devoutedly hope, that those nations which brigaded their men on the western battle front, until they had driven the enemy beyond the Rhine, have been welded into close political ties which time shall never sever.

"But the soldiers of the French, the British and the American armies, from buck private to commissioned officer, were not on friendly terms, even before their work was done. Not only was there much secret and expressed antipathy but there were frequent and deadly feuds. The feeling was not sporadic but rather universal in its scope.

"The condition, accelerated by the armistice, was one of the most regrettable repercussions of the war.

"The remedy which will heal the wounds of the nations, and which will restore and firmly establish enduring friendship lies deep in the hearts of the plain people of our country and theirs.

"It is unthinkable that England or France should ever engage in war with America, but the wars of the future will be demanded by public opinion; people will precipitate them, not Monarchs, and no man living or

dead has ever correctly forecast what **pubilc opinion** will do.

"We MUST know each other better; we must trust each other more, and then with **eternal vigilance,** which is the price of Peace, we must do our bit to elevate the standards of common thought.

"I speak to you with hope, tempered by the memory of the awful waste which I have witnessed, that civilization has shed its last drop of blood in fitful strife. I say I speak to you with hope, but not with conviction.

"One cannot travel as I have traveled, living for weeks and months among foreign peoples, differing in language, religion, manners, customs, philosophy and economic systems without sensing the innate antagonism of races, and inevitably concluding that our own security for the future lies in our ability to defend our own borders and repose in our own strength.

"But to this I would hastily add, that now we must accept the burdens which the responsibilities of war have thrust upon us, in **helping to maintain the Peace** of the world, or fifty thousand American soldiers, sleeping on Flanders' field have fought and died in vain.

"I would change now rather abruptly, the flickering film of my journey, and visit Scotland. Not the country that we know in song and story, but the modern Scotland of today.

"The thrift and industry of her native denizens have made the lowlands what I believe to be the most wonderfully beautiful agricultural country in the world. Her rock-ribbed hills are adorned with heather; miles upon miles of stone fences following the sinuous windings of excellent roads are resplendent with green moss and ivy; her valleys are verdant twelve months in the year. Her Lochs sparkle as diadems and her rivers are like silver ribbons reaching out to the sea.

"I see a Scottish soldier just home from France, a picture vivified by a bonnie wee lassie who loved him so well. In bedraggled khaki and kilts, with a helmet flung over his shoulder, and a knapsack swung at his side, he comes back to his cottage home on the hill-top.

"The exquisite delight of standing once more upon his own door-step, the quiet pensive home, contrasting so strangely now with the trenches in which he had lived so long, the silence of the hills, the call of the

birds across the moor, the loneliness of the place, enshroud him.

"He stepped to the door quietly, stopped upon the threshold and knocked; there was a clatter of tea things, then a pause. A little maid with auburn hair screamed in ecstasy, "It's me daddy."

And then the door was closed upon a scene which in tenderness is only surpassed by the memory of the daddy who never came home.

"London is very much the mother of many of us. For Americans of English stock, certainly it is the most wonderful city in the world. All that we are and perhaps all that we ever shall be are recorded in London-town. Our literature, language, laws, customs, architecture and religion run backward to her crooked streets and gabled houses. Today one may dine in London, where generations of genius have been wont to sit and sip. The old and the new are merged in London as the waters from a thousand hillsides mingle in the busy Thames.

"But of old London I would not tell. It is the city as I found it, upon the ending of the war that I want you to see. Three months after the signing of the armistice, London

was submerged in grief. Her gaiety was superficial, her happiness was but a veneer.

"The toll of war had been too terrible, the sorrow of war had cut too deep, the burdens of war had been too heavy, the reactions from war had been too distant for immediate reconstruction to begin.

"Mistake not. There was reconstruction as well as readjustment in the economic order of things to be done.

"The London business man spoke with a suppressed and wavering confidence of the future; with trepidation of the immediate present, and with infinite grief, of the sorrow which had darkened millions of homes.

"If it had been my first contact with English business men I surely should have been misled, for tenacity of purpose and sweep of commercial vision were obscured by the pessimism of the hour. But my intuitive judgment was better than my immediate perspective, for I felt then and I wrote that my confidence in the ability of the Englishman to find himself and come back was not shaken. Six months of time have vindicated that view. Today you will find them wherever the sun shines, following old lanes of

travel, or blazing new tracks of commerce and trade.

"America might have led the world in international finance and business, for the fortunes of war thrust opportunity into our path. We have done well, but England, in spite of her war burdens, has done infinitely better.

"London has witnessed the transfer of huge reserves of gold to our coffers, but in my humble opinion she has not sacrificed for any length of time her international financial leadership. Today she borrows immense sums of money from us but she is loaning to customers who might have been ours. We are an infant in the cradle of international finance, not on account of deficient ability, but because our economics are politically robed in swaddling cloths.

"England builds statues to her business men. We dedicate them to those who circumscribe our personal liberty in the name of reform. If you have shed tears for poor old England, prepare to dry them now. When you round up the figures of international finance in a decade, I will venture the prediction you will find that England has

corraled the numerals, and we like innocent snipe hunters, will be holding the sack.

"But we must hasten over to France, crossing the channel quickly from Southampton to La Havre, trusting as we sail, that whatsoever the future may hold for us, we will call it good if out of the mighty issues of war England and America emerge with no barrier between them but the sea.

"To reach France was the acme of my ambition. There was something romantic it seemed to me about setting foot on French soil. Somewhere along the lines with the Army of Occupation, I knew I should find my brothers. To meet them and to greet them after the stress of many battles, was a joy which knew no bounds. .But the military officials who quizzed me at the port, and the initial reception which I received, jarred the romance out of my system and brought me precipitately to earth.

"The experience was to be duplicated many times before my return, for the civilian traveling abroad in war-time is an object of suspicion, guilty, until he proves himself innocent, a trespasser upon forbidden soil. At first I felt in a sack suit much like an

escaped convict, parading the streets in my stripes.

"I paid **full fare** on the railroads, plus many a liberal fee for the privilege of riding; in **restaurants** reserved for soldiers I was always turned out; in the **shops** I received no ten per cent discount, and in many of the **public buildings** only men in uniform were allowed. They did not recognize me in any of the commissary departments; they did not take me on "Triangle" and sight-seeing tours, and from the mademoiselles and senoritas I never even received so much as a pleasant look.

"In the **midst of my tribulations** I met a dough-boy, who thought he recognized me by the style of the spectacles which I wore. "Say, ain't you from God's country?" and when I answered "Yes," he impulsively invited me to "put her there."

"You're the first Yank I've seen in civvies since I landed in this damned mudhole, and believe me, pal, you sure look good. What are you doing over here?"

"When I had assured him that I was just an humble citizen of his own country traveling abroad to ascertain a few facts about the supplies of chow, he greeted me as a long

lost bunkie, and he never once accused me of winning the war.

"At another time I stood watching thousands of men and women parading the streets of Paris on the first of May. Red flowers and red insignias were most conspicuous, while now and then a red flag was hoisted in the rain. But Clemenceau had caused regiments of infantry and cavalry to be stationed at strategic places and the hordes were not allowed to halt.

"An American army colonel from Alabama had been watching the strange procession, wondering as I was, what it was all about. Side by side, we fell into conversation, just as the mob tried to break through a cordon of soldiers, who swept them back. He tactfully insisted upon talking to me at some length for he said that I was the first private citizen of his own country whom he had seen dressed in civilian garb since he landed in France.

"After many similar experiences, which were often repeated, my rank and station ceased to bother me. I was often envied by the boys in khaki, and as for the military police, I could tell them without fear of rec-

ompense, just where the soldiers thought they ought to go.

"Depression and pessimism which was so apparent in England, I had expected to find duplicated and augmented in France. Imagine my surprise and wonderment when exactly the reverse seemed to be true. Paris in conformity with its reputation was brilliantly gay.

"The theatres were crowded, the cafes were bulging with people, a universal holiday seemed to be on. The high cost of living apparently had no terrors for the Parisians for most of the business men had profited financially from the war. They had not only profited, but in some few instances they had profiteered.

"At no time during the war was it impossible to secure every known luxury in edibles in Paris, providing one was prepared to pay the price. This was never true in England, where the rich and the poor suffered privations alike.

"The price which was fixed for bread, during the early stages of the war stimulated instead of reduced consumption. But I do not feel that we should regret having made any sacrifices in order that France might

have her daily bread, for a breadless France would have engendered unrest and rioting which might have defeated for a time, the ultimate issue of the war.

"But there was something in the atmosphere of Paris that could not be seen, an intangible undefinable spirit, which was all but submerged by the frivolous gaiety of the city itself. I am not just sure of the name, but it was certainly that mighty force which took hold of the hearts of the genuine French society, representing the true soul of France, and in the face of death and disaster such as no nation has ever braved, remained stoically calm, until the genius of her great Marshal wrested Victory from defeat, and set the tri-color in the sun along the Rhine. The mothers of France cannot forget the past! The womanhood of France, the war's greatest miracle!

"It was my privilege to travel extensively through the devastated regions. Here is where language fails.

"Who can hope to portray the impressions received from passing through a country where every foot had felt the impress of some engine of war?

"Acres and acres, for miles and miles once promising with harvests, teeming with homes, and enlivened by a happy peasant people had been churned by exploding shells, littered with every accoutrement of war, where but to touch a camouflaged helmet, an innocent looking wire, or an unexploded shell was to flirt with death.

"One might wander among such scenes for hours, until the emotions had been stifled by the holocaust, until the senses had been dulled by the sight of ruined homes, desecrated churches, demolished office buildings, not even the faintest vestige of a street remaining to identify what was once a thriving town.

"The mind cannot grasp, the eye cannot see, the tongue cannot tell of the pitiless and tragic ruin in France and Belgium, but one may gather here and there a story which lights the darkness and death of war, a tale which embellishes a description or an anecdote which relieves the tension of twitching nerves.

"I do not know what value the unbiased historian of the war will ascribe to the activities of the American army in France. Nor am I interested. I shall write my own

history, and I am ready to write it now, not tomorrow, but today as I speak.

"I can see a powerful nation standing solidly behind its President. "Force, force to the utmost" was the slogan in every American heart which sent a steady stream of men across the sea. I can see those men reaching England and France by the thousand, oftentimes under conditions which reflected anything but credit upon those who transported them. Men who for the most part embraced the opportunity to go over there, because it was enough that their country had called them to go. I can see them as they marched in the dead of night, over the cobblestones of darkened cities on the Isles and the Continent. I can see the expressions upon their faces, as they were told, thousands of them that the war was all but lost, and that their coming had only prolonged the conflict.

You know the truth!

"In all the annals of modern warfare what could be nobler than the achievements of the dough-boys, and the 8,000 marines, who met the picked guards of the Prussian army, the very flower of Kaiserdom, the best that militarism had to offer, hurling them back

with indomitable courage, which never knew defeat.

"Strolling along the Champs de Elysee one day I noticed an American soldier sitting upon one of the iron benches. I stopped to chat with him, for I was interested in the company which he was entertaining. I asked him how long a leave he had in Paris and he told me 48 hours. Then I suggested that I should think he would be about seeing the "sights."

Listen to him!

"No, sir, this here little kid is the first one I've had a chance to hug since I left Des Moines and I'm damned if I can let him go." Whereupon he grabbed the ragged urchin and fondled it as tenderly as any mother could.

"That's the spirit of the American doughboy which the world cannot understand. He's a devil in the front line trenches, when he knows his country expects him to fight, but when the fighting is over and the job is done, he's ready to quit and go home.

"It is not for me to say with what valor the colored soldiers accepted the issues of battle. One hears both good and ill reports. But what could be more characteristically hu-

morous than the story of a southern soldier who was some sort of an aide where our big naval guns were set up and used on the western front.

"It seems that those powerful cannon were made ready for a salvo. The guns were fixed. The range was determined. The shells were placed. An American admiral fired the first shot. The report was so terrific, the concussion was so great that the darky who lingered too close to the cannon was toppled over. Finally he got up, somewhat stunned, rolled his white eyeballs, smiled an expansive grin, and looking eastward across the Rhine as if he could see every German division exclaimed, "Mista Kaisah, count yo're army now."

"Stories of comedy and tragedy will be told us of the front, in ever increasing numbers as the years roll by, but the stories if they be true ones will enshrine the exploits of the American dough-boy in the loftiest niche of fame.

"England, France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain and Northern Africa are the countries in which I have recently traveled. In all save the neutrals similar scenes were being enacted.

"Soldiers were trooping back. Holidays were declared. Marching legions were acclaimed by hundreds of thousands welcoming the victors home.

"During months of agonizing warfare the soldier had longed for the armistice. He had dreamed of a Peace which should end all battle. For him there was but one desirable haven, and that haven was **home.**

"He returned, and then came the awakening. Instead of peace and plenty he found economic demoralization, attended sometimes by riots which were almost revolutions.

"Problems of **food, finance, ocean-transportation, international trade, embargoes, tariff-walls** were all mixed up in an economic hodge-podge. Add to these problems the unrest of labor and the high price of food and you have many of the elements of anarchy, which is the condition of Europe at this very hour.

"I tried to look beyond the reaction of the moment into the immediate future to see Europe once more **pursuing peaceful and profitable vocations,** with **finance reorganized, production restored** and trade in full swing. But the pendulum of peaceful pro-

duction surely has swung far back of a normal mean, while labor unrest is too prevalent and pronounced to warrant even a semblance of optimism. I can only see depression in Europe for many weary months to come.

"The situation is the more serious because of the universal high price of food. Not that there is any world scarcity, for with the crops which are now being harvested, and the supplies already in hand, there is food enough and to spare, with the one exception of meat.

"America has deemed it expedient to continue its official control of breadstuffs, rather than to effect a direct settlement with the producer on the basis of the guarantee. And while from the first I have been a consistent devotee of de-control, yet certainly I have no disposition now, to criticise in the remotest degree, the policies which our Government proposes to pursue. But I want you to know that continued Government control of wheat distribution, renders it impossible for private firms and individuals in foreign countries to enter into competition with us, or to successfully buy from us, so that by our continued control we have

forced the allied and neutral countries to retain their official bureaus, thereby incurring the enmity of international business and retarding readjustment the world around.

"Prices will remain high but they must not be artificially held at pre-war levels. Supplies of wheat are much more than adequate to meet every demand. European requirements will be less this year than the highest figure of pre-war times. I repeat, **the demand for wheat** will be less in Europe this year than the highest figure of pre-war times.

"The **welcome** which was extended to the American soldiers when they first landed on the continent is one of the most emotional incidents of the war. The universal feeling of joy was expressively stated to me by an Italian friend of mine whose English was often times picturesque.

"Ah, when de Americanos came we were mucha happy. We mak'a da beautiful face."

"We did light up the face of Europe, but the fortunes of diplomacy have all but extinguished the light. I shall not criticise our diplomats. It is not for me to say, just now, whether their work was nobly done.

I do know that when I left Europe three weeks ago I did not feel that I was leaving any friendly government or press behind. Surely that is a condition which we cannot afford to aggravate by an unwise commercial policy involving the bread of man. We might endanger civilization and we might make the world unsafe for Democracy.

"Let us now in a moment of diversion consider the concluding features of what I have to say. I am deeply sensible of the fact that you have listened to me with generous courtesy, but I also realize that my time is far spent.

"I chose to introduce my preliminary remarks with a simile of the cinema, because I am often asked why I do not use motion pictures to illustrate the subjects which I discuss. Without prejudice against the motion picture industry, which is the greatest educational force enlightening the masses in this age ,no pictures of which I can conceive could carry to you in one hour the inspiration which I would impart.

"If I have but feebly tapped the fountain of your thoughts then what you think will go further in vaster and more potent ramifi-

cations than anything the eye could be shown.

"A good speech, like a Rembrandt picture scintillates with delicate lights and shades. But it takes intelligent people to appreciate them. I wonder if you follow me.

"We have seen something of England, Scotland and France. I have shown you a procession of people passing from war to peace, with just a touch of pathos, a glimmer of humor and desolate chaos which is the tragedy of war. We have seen the pendulum of progress swing backward on its axis, passing in its diverting sweep, a host of economic problems which involve the lives of nations and the destinies of races.

"But there are other countries where I have recently traveled which would interest you.

Belgium, emerging from enemy occupation, ready to trade tomorrow with former foe or friend.

"Holland, the neutral nation, which constantly incurred the enmity of first one power and then the other, meanwhile blissfully starving to death, neath the folds of peace.

"Spain, war's greatest profiteer, with the exception of Sweden.

"Italy, minus macaroni, feeding her soul upon scenery, and devoutly praying that a million tourists with a billion dollars will soon be searching in her ruins for relics of Caesar, while it rains sphagetti every Saturday night.

"Do you know that in Italy, when the Austrians were making their fiercest drive along the Piave, that the horticulturists, attracted by the shiny copper wire which the British had strung to connect their bases with the front, continually cut long sections of that wire from the poles, not because of any desire to assist the enemy, but in order that their grapes might be properly arbored from tree to tree?

"Do you know that in one little town of two thousand people, which was all but demolished by shell fire that the Red Cross sent a hurry-up call to Rome for clothing for the women and children, and that in due time first 36 cases, arrived, each one containing dozens of pairs of drawers which Italian women never wear?

"Do you know that fifty car-loads of Red Cross material of all kinds lay on the side

tracks at Rome, and when it was finally disposed of they used expensive cotton bandages for shining shoes and they used the lint so painfully prepared by our good women as a substitute for cotton waste to wipe railroad cars and other things?

"Do you know that car-load after car-load of pajamas were sent into Italy when it is positively against the principles of the Italian laborer to robe himself at night in anything which would afford security to the twin brother of the cootie?

"Do you know that I could stand here for an hour and talk to you about nothing else but the lamentable waste of war?

"However, I landed you at Liverpool and now I must bring you back. My emotions upon returning to our own country are probably very much like those of any other traveler who wanders far into foreign lands and then comes home.

"I have never been enraptured by a sight of the statue of Liberty, nor does the sky line of commercial peaks jutting New York harbor appeal very vigorously to me. My mind sweeps on to the prairies, over vast expanses of fertile fields. **Out West, here** where the

pioneers discarded Colonial clothes and put on the homespun of Americanism.

"Somehow I can't help believing that the spirit of Liberty, which grew to maturity here in our midst, is what clashed with autocracy on the battlefields of Europe and sent it tottering to its eternal fall, and that from its ashes there will spring a Parliament of Man, call it what you will, which shall guarantee security to law abiding nations and to every honest man the inalienable right of a fair fighting chance.

"We shall never be able to escape in this country, the reflex of the unrest which prevails abroad. For unnumbered years Europe has been preparing its soil for just such seeds of discord as are now being sown. But in the United States of America there is not one square foot of dirt on which Bolshevism can thrive for any length of time. It will be sown in our midst but it will fall among the tares.

"Americanism, distinct and separate from any other nationality, purged of its hyphens and babel of tongues, is a symbol of law and order.

"It is a composite of the Yankee doughboy, stalwart, erect, noble and brave, as

ready for tasks of peace as he was ready for the rigors of war.

"And out of the Valley of the Shadow I see an old soldier, beneath the folds of a tattered flag, standing rigidly at salute."

There is a good man and true on board whose wife is in the cabin just opposite me. To be exact the immediate space separating the curtain which hangs these hot nights over my door, and the curtain which hangs in front of her door is two and one-half feet. There are three other women in her cabin. All are just the sort of people by whom one wishes to be well thought of. Probably it is unnecessary for me to say that they are religious workers. The husband frequently joins the four women for devotions. Please bear in mind that I am not writing for the purpose of ridicule. I am labeling this paragraph "serious."

It might have been a mere coincidence that the man drifted into my cabin one evening before I took on a navy lieutenant at Gibraltar. We discussed at some length various phases and repercussions of the war, drifting inevitably toward the moral side of it. Finally he said to me, "Don't you believe

that what the world needs is religion?" It was a serious question, seriously propounded and warranted a serious answer.

I parried his question with this one, "And what do you mean by religion?"

Then he told me a very beautiful story of the transformation of his own life; how he had traveled paths which troubled his conscience, but finally, after contemplating suicide, he was saved by conversion or rebirth, at a Salvation Army meeting.

From that time on he had led an entirely different life. The change or conversion was brought about by a Power entirely distinct and separate from his life so he thought and that change was what he meant by religion.

It was then my time to answer and I said something like this:

"Since you have given me your definition of religion, much as I would like to answer you "yes," yet in obedience to the dictates of my own conscience I must say emphatically "No."

He was deeply offended but partially concealed it and asked me what I meant. And then I told him something like this:

"Religion has wrought a great transformation in your life. It has in truth saved

you and has given you happiness which you never knew before, but, my dear fellow, do you not see that your experience was just what you needed for your particular kind of sickness. Therefore, like thousands of good men you conclude out of the fruits of your own experience that what the world needs is **your** cure. My conclusion is that those who are sick just as you were, need your cure and no others. I should be very miserable indeed if fate should pull me through your process. Your soul needs one kind of fertilizer, mine another. Therefore, let us both so live that others may feel that it has been good to know us, but let us remember that after all is said and done, religion is a matter of individual conscience. I am very, very happy in the knowledge of love and respect of my family and friends. My religion satisfies me."

Then the good man began to thunder at me, warning me that the time would come in my life when I would feel the absolute need of his particular brand of religion. He does not know, nor did I tell him, that I have drunk the very deepest dregs of sorrow, and that somehow I have managed to keep my face to the front; that in the midst of infinite

tears I have never lost sight of the smiles; but from that time on we were lost in the maze of our philosophies of life.

Which brings me to this. The only sound which issued from my cabin door for a week was the click of this typewriter, while now and then I would give vent to a peroration of an imaginary speech. Cabin 213 had a good reputation. Then came the navy lieutenant. His language is more picturesque than mine and the good ladies across the way were horrified. He even went so far as to invite some friends on the boat to this sanctum. There was a clink of glasses and loud laughter inspired by the good spirits which prevailed. This happened not once but many times. My reputation was at stake, so I had to save it.

This morning the opportunity came. The blessed five gathered in the adjacent cabin for devotions. The lieutenant was upstairs eating his breakfast. But drawing the thin curtain across my door I pretended he was present and proceeded in the following fashion, shouting through the curtain so my voice would carry across the narrow hall:

"Good morning, lieutenant. I hope you had a good sleep. You were drinking again

last night. Your conduct, sir, is positively reprehensible and from this time on I want you to distinctly understand that this cabin is to be respected. My reputation shall not be allowed to suffer because of your worldly ways. (Silence in the adjacent cabin.) What was Number 213 before you came? It was my room of meditation and thought, of work and sleep? What have you made it, sir? A brothal house. No wonder you are silent. There is nothing you can say, absolutely nothing. For the sake of your mother I beg of you to change your ways. Repent now, I pray. Do not speak. Do not dare to speak. Listen to your conscience before it is too late."

I stopped. And as the lapping waves fell back in crested foam from the hull of the steamer I heard a fervent and echoed "Amen." Then I knew my sermon had gone home (across the hall).

CHAPTER XXI.

Have just heard that the New York office of the Lloyd Sabaudo has sent out a wireless asking us where we are. Anxious husbands, never mind. If you could see your little wifies, wild, free and perfectly happy on the ocean wave, you might not care whether this old hulk sinks or not. Just as one lady said to me, "I'm awfully glad I left H——y at home. I wouldn't have known half the things I have learned on this trip." Traveling sure does broaden the vision considerable.

Yesterday an embalmer and an engineer, who is also an embalmer, became involved in a discussion as to the relative merits of their preserving fluids. The American insisted that his system preserved the corpse in a better condition than that of the Italian competitor. The debate grew very heated and a crowd gathered to hear. Finally both turned to the audience and asked for volunteers who would loan an arm or a leg for

purposes of experimentation. The heroes were all asleep or not present.

Anyway, the Italian got the better of the argument by producing a guinea pig, appropriately embalmed looking natural as life. In fact, the poor thing was not exhibited very long before several swore a lot of little guinea pigs were squealing for mother.

But the resourceful American said, "I'll show you," and dropped the argument as quickly as he had taken it up. Now the second officer is looking for the ship's cat but tabby is nowhere to be found. I saw her. The American rigged up a little casket in which he placed an electric light. Pussy is laid out and looks as natural as life. But her mousing days are over. She lies in state, a mute sacrifice to the embalmer's art. There is one lady on board who carries her husband's ashes. The embalmer has caused her very deep grief by demonstrating to the widow's satisfaction that if he had been called in she might have preserved him pickled for a century or more.

Saturday there were several boxing matches which were tame affairs and in the evening six dough-boys entertained the first-class passengers with songs. It was not that

they sang so well, for they did not. It was the animation with which they rendered their songs and it was the democracy of the occasion which made their rendition possible, that appealed most emphatically to the foreigners on board. It was hard for them to understand how we "aristocrats" could assemble and vociferously cheer the songs of just "common soldiers." Well, that's America. Long may she so live!

This morning the Y. M. C. A. distributed a cake of chocolate to each man on board, also a small package of cigarettes and one package of Bull Durham for every two men. At the canteen I noticed last night they were selling tobacco from boxes with Knights of Columbus labels on them. I had heard that this was done in France but I saw no evidence of it.

Some lady, adorned with a tortoise shell cigarette holder, sang last evening while a fine old gentleman played the piano. They say it was beautiful.

This morning we soldiers and one civilian had oatmeal, molasses, oleo, bacon, bread and coffee for breakfast.

One man, who walks around with his left hand in his trousers pocket all the time, has

been the butt of ungallant remarks. The poor fellow has a deformed arm.

A madam with three beautiful daughters has a husband on board, but I didn't find it out for nearly three weeks. The embalming controversy might have been given added zest by a real human victim.

I asked the Red Cross lady this morning to give me the very latest information concerning the race between the Captain and the Lieutenant. She said, "Quit your kidding. I'm a poor hard working girl. When I get money enough I'm going to settle down on a little farm and raise cats" and other things; let's see, I've forgotten what she said now.

The jam they serve for breakfast and at tea is a little fermented, and it is very purgative. Several people are complaining.

The American lieutenant in charge of the quartermaster stores says that between $800 and $1,000 worth of food, for the soldiers, has been appropriated since we started on this trip, by someone who disappeared without leaving a trace.

Every morning about 9:30 the Major calls the American officers to order in the smoking room and business proceeds.

An Officer: What's the reasons we are not being served any oranges? There were several cases loaded on the boat.

An Officer: Some of the second-class passengers have oranges. Where do they buy them?

An Officer: The oranges are reserved for the hospital.

A Doctor: I am running the hospital and I haven't seen an orange.

An Officer: Most of the oranges have spoilt.

There being no further business and a pretty girl having just passed by a port hole, the meeting is immediately adjourned.

Sunday morning the Missionary delivered an especially fervid appeal for the salvation of the sinners on this boat. What in thunder does he know about it? I haven't shown this manuscript to a soul.

A whale there was who went to sea,
Riding the waves in whalish glee
One day he swallowed a lemon peel,
Which he found floating near the keel,

but there goes the luncheon bell. There doesn't seem to be any radical diminution of the food on board. It was coming strong today, especially the fish. I wonder if that

blooming embalmer made a mistake and didn't really use the cat.

They are now fishing in European waters with T. N. T. depth bombs. They say that aside from a rather glassy stare in the eyes, the fish which is T. N. Teed is unharmed.

When that whale swallowed the lemon peel he didn't notice the seed

Until it became a great big tree,
Filled with lemons as you and me.

Tomorrow will be a busy day. I have several arbitration cases to settle, a number of romances to wind up, and I have promised to give two children a very much needed bath. We've hit the Gulf Stream and this boat has got the heaves.

CHAPTER XXII.

A storm rages at sea. This morning at five many were awakened by tremendous crashes of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning. Rain came down in torrents. The port holes had to be closed. The vessel seems wet inside and out. Streams of salt water are running down the corridors. In the hold 1,206 dough-boys are encased in a dank and dismal tomb. Scores of them are sick. Water, waves, lightning, fog, wind, mad, mad elements roar and rage in the mighty tempest. At such a time as this the meek and lowly take refuge in prayer. A few of us hardened sinners who are able to walk in slippery places enjoy the storm. The ship seems to have suddenly become a master of its own destiny. It plunges into the teeth of a gale which none can face in the bow, it rises and falls and careens and then rights itself and moves majestically on. A storm at sea. How frail is man, and yet omnipotent. In the calm the ocean seems to be a mighty maw ready to open at any

moment, anywhere, and swallow. But the storm fastens the hatches of the horizon close about you. The waves leap toward you, the steamer quivers but goes on and on. Here is a fight. The elemental is stirred. Thank God for storms at sea!

We are nearing home. The reception is blustery but over against the canopy of the setting sun the spires and towers of commerce stand as sentinels. We cannot see them now but we can hear them. Time drags. Thus it so happened that yesterday evening we were to be entertained by some colored boys, but a fretting ocean, which was a premonition of that which now engulfs us, upset the vocalization program. Hence it was but natural that some of my acquaintances asked me to read the manuscript of this book. That I have been writing it, is a secret which I imparted only to a gracious lady friend with strict injunctions not to tell. Hence those who importuned me were not so very large in numbers. I capitulated. Casually browsing here and there I read a few accounts of the incidents as I have recorded them, just as they have been enacted upon this boat. It was thoughtless of me to read the harem scene

for among my audience was a hot blooded young Italian, a most excellent and cultured man. He has long black hair which frequently shades his eyes. He articulates with his hands. He gesticulates with his legs. He is animation quickened and electrical.

In a dreamy monotone like the crooning of a Hawaiian love song I began my description of the harem. Deftly the picture was enfolded to his ecstatic gaze, but I wist not. With that ardor which comes from a natural elocutionary diction, I pictured the "couches of repose." Suddenly there was a wail and a flop. The Italian had swooned and fallen to the floor. Some one dashed a pitcher of salt water in his face. He gasped and muttered, "O la la la, tra la la, tra la la, la la. Save, Save," but he got no further. No doubt the power of description had for the moment overcome his temperamental mind and he was calling upon Mahomet's god, Allah, Allah, to save him, but we could not understand.

Last night when the storm was raging at its worst, a tremendous thunder clap awoke me, and it was some time before I could settle back to sleep. During the interim I alternately switched the electric light off and

on with each thunder peal. The Lieutenant said this morning that he had spent months and months at sea but never in his life had he witnessed such an electrical disturbance. If the storm had come a day earlier I could have imitated the thunder, too.

When it cleared up this morning about eleven o'clock the soldiers poured out of the hold, and they sent up a cheer of universal gratitude which must have startled old Neptune.

The Lieutenant won. The lady will not retire to a farm and raise cats. She will raise the "other things."

Two long shrill blasts of the whistle. **A man over board.** The ship swung round at a dangerous angle. A life boat was being lowered just as I got on deck, while there in the water an Italian officer was struggling against fate. He had leaped from the top deck to save Scruggs, the little poodle of the lady whose mother had thrown out the line. Was a mite of a dog worth a life? Perhaps, when that dog was cared for and caressed by one who had grown so dear to him. All of the resentment which we felt in our hearts when this officer had wooed and won (with the aid of a doting mother), a girl of

American breeding flickered out of our minds like mosquitoes through a hole in the screen on a hot summer night. There was no need now for Arbitration. The jig saw of fortune had buzzed. The hour of jesting is over. The American and the Italian embalmer flipped a coin for the vantage and tails won. While a pitiless shark settled the fate of poor Scruggs. Selah!

CHAPTER XXIII.

When we left Genoa the twenty-third of June this boat traveled at a pace just a little faster than a man can trot. After we had taken on the soldiers at Marseilles and had coaled at Gibraltar we then struck out across the Atlantic at the same rate of speed. Nothing has stopped us. We have kept going. Tomorrow we dock in New York. After all, the plugger is the fellow who gets there.

When Theodore Roosevelt sent the American fleet around the world a little while ago, very few knew what he had in mind. Just one incident of that trip proved very helpful during the war, for the Yankton couldn't keep up. It was a small boat, the machinery was not in good repair, and it continually lagged behind. There was no wireless on the boats, but it kept in touch with the fleet by following the route of boxes, tin cans, and other things which were thrown over board. So in the Great War battleships and merchant ships threw nothing over board

which would not sink and thus give the submarine a trail to follow.

Last night I went upon the top deck for a time to enjoy the stars and the moonlight and a calm ocean. I chose a secluded spot on top of one of the life boats which was covered with a canvas. Suddenly I heard voices below me and I couldn't help listening. One was a married man, the other an unmarried girl. There, in a most wonderful setting of sky and sea, they plotted their platonic love. Of all the hydra-headed monsters which has ever invaded the lives of people, platonic love is about the most devilish and dastardly. It simply cannot be done. Infinite sorrow is reaped by those who embrace it. Better bubonic than platonic!

This has been a gala day, the last, we hope, on board the Pesaro. Splendid boxing matches, real music, speeches, and hilarity. We are almost home. Few of the rumors which disturbed us have materialized. We have had plenty to eat, good sea weather, and here is our country. A multitude of vexations are submerged in joy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

For heaven's sake, porter, hurry with that baggage. Taxi, please. Hello, Broadway, I'm home!

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